

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 993

DECEMBER 8, 1888

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC

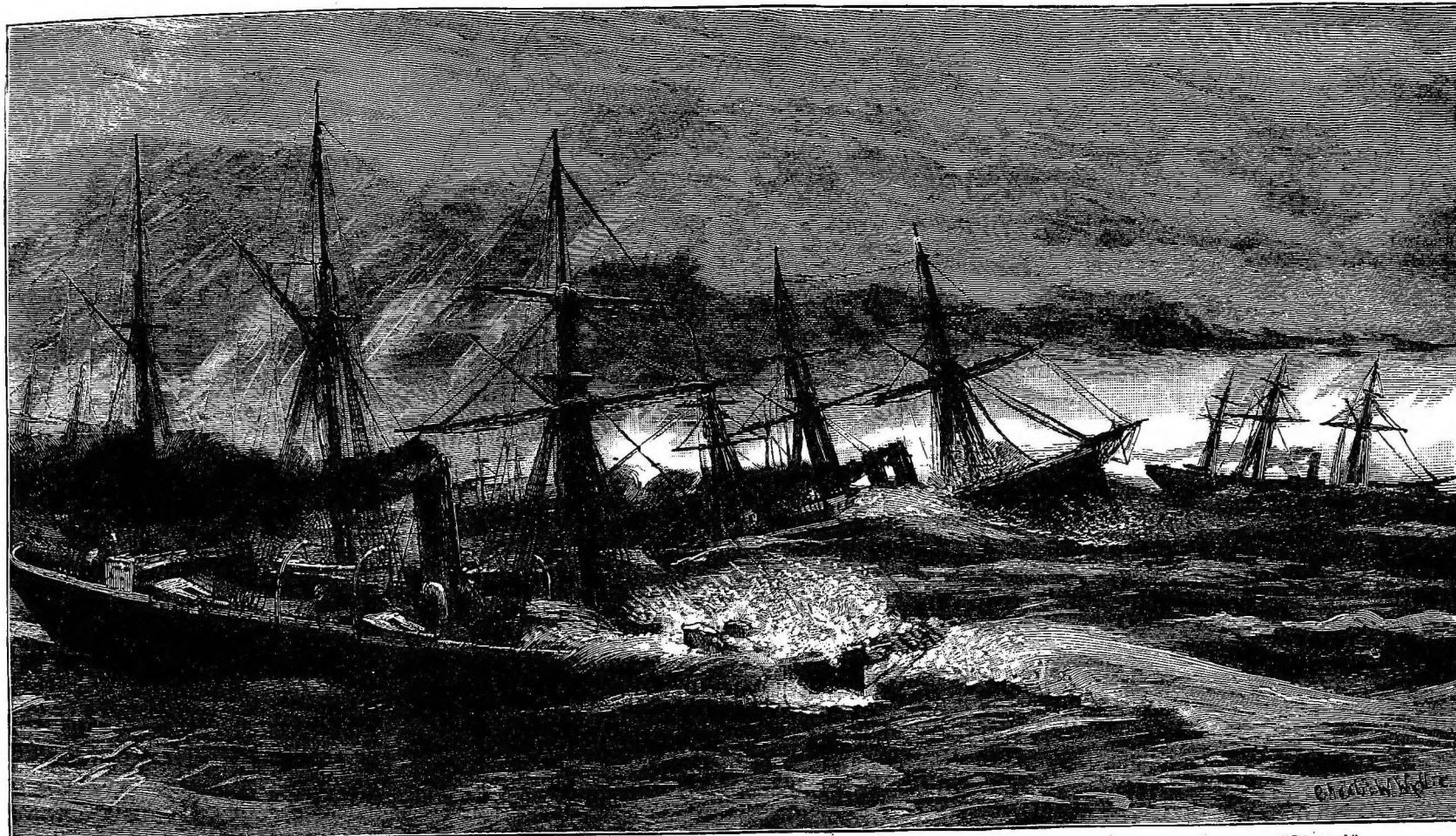
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 993.—VOL. XXXVIII. ÉDITION
Registered as a Newspaper DE LUXE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1888

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
[By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]



"Calliope"

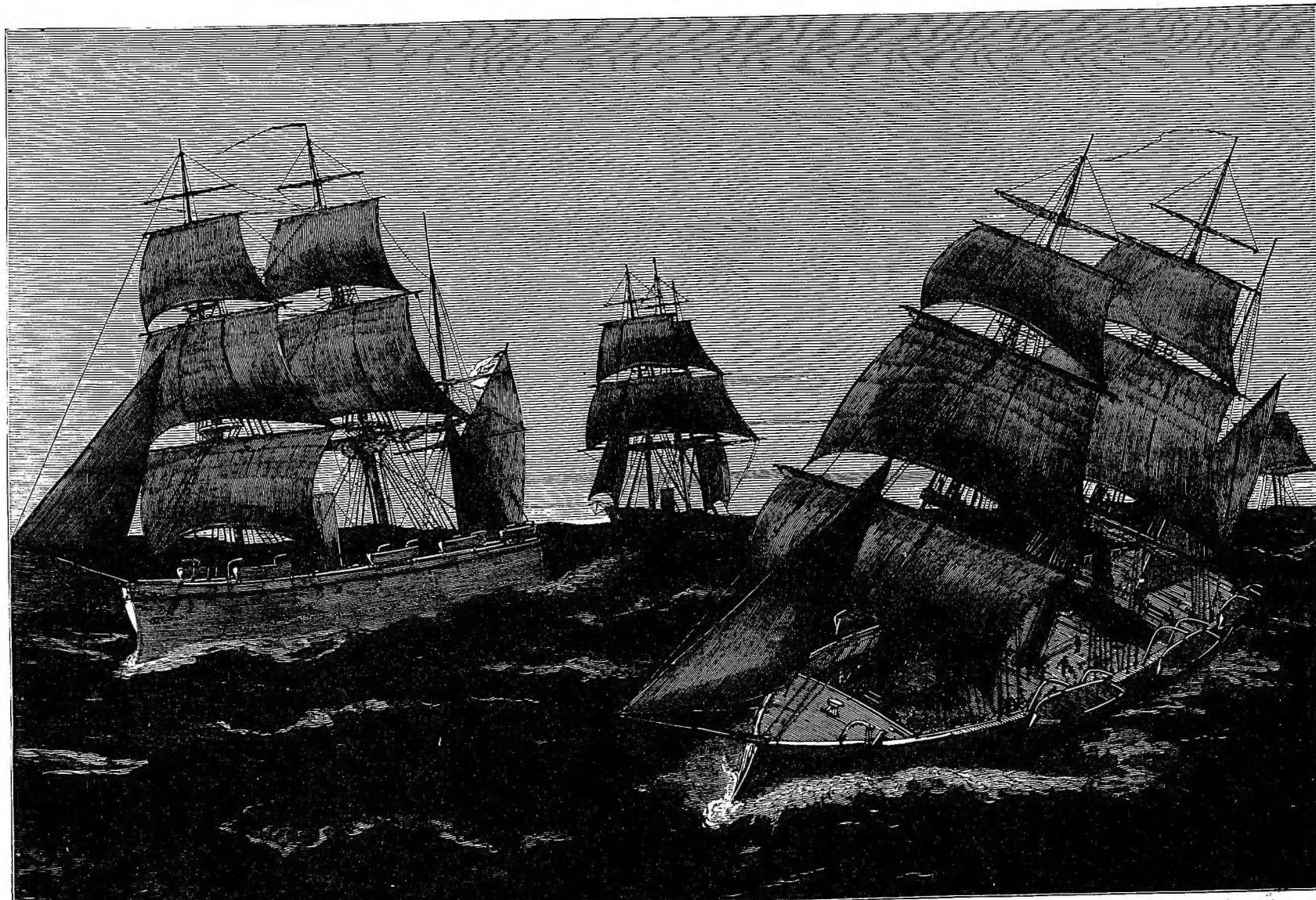
"Lizard"

"Rapid"

"Nelson"

"Diamond"

THE AUSTRALIAN SQUADRON IN A GALE OFF CAPE HOWE ON THE WAY FROM SYDNEY TO MELBOURNE



FOUR SHIPS OF THE CHINA SQUADRON CROSSING THE SEA OF JAPAN TO THE SIBERIAN COAST WITHOUT THE AID OF STEAM—THE SISTER CORVETTES, "CONSTANCE"
AND "CORDELIA" LEAD THE WAY

THE BRITISH NAVY ABROAD


 Topics of the Week

THE SUAKIN EXPEDITION.—Once more is England embarked in a Soudanese war of doubtful ending. The authorities on the spot make cocksure, it is true, both that the enemy will fly and that he will never again have the temerity to trouble the place. It seems an echo of old times to hear these things predicted; our previous attempts to crush Osman Digma were invariably warranted to free the Eastern Soudan from his presence. Nor is this the only likeness between the present and the past. Old members who listened to Mr. Smith and Sir James Fergusson last Saturday must have fancied they heard the talk of Gladstonian Ministers. The same sort of contradictions, the same assumption of light-heartedness, the same lack of definite purpose. Everything is staked on the success of a mere handful of troops, nearly all of whom are natives. It is ordained that they shall sally out from the forts, overthrow the enemy in a breath, capture his trenches and guns, and—here the glowing programme comes to an abrupt ending. Luck and the chapter of accidents—again do we put blind trust in those fortuitous commanders. People may well ask why Lord Salisbury, who has shown such a healthy abhorrence of war since the Unionist Government came into existence, should enter into this Quixotic campaign. It is a profound puzzle—so profound as to almost afford justification for believing that he wishes to give Egypt the appearance of being in danger, in order to provide an excuse for prolonging the British occupation. We hesitate to credit the Premier with being so Machiavellian as that would come to, but Lord Randolph Churchill certainly has strong grounds for protesting against the selfishness of our policy. Suakin is of no value whatever to Egypt; if, therefore, the port be of worth to England, either for humanitarian or political reasons, in common fairness let her bear the charge of retaining possession. The Khedive would hand over the place at the first hint, and would be right glad to be rid of his white elephant.

MR. BALFOUR'S COAL-SCUTTLE.—An acrimonious debate, lasting over the greater part of two sittings of the House of Commons, was the result of Mr. Ellis's proposal to cut off the supply of fuel for the Chief Secretary's Office in Dublin. Of course, Mr. Ellis's motion was only meant as a convenient peg whereon to hang a general discussion *de omnibus rebus Hibernicis*, and, thanks to Mr. Balfour's impatience of criticism, the stratagem succeeded beyond expectation. Mr. Balfour possesses many admirable qualities. He has "grit," a rare quality among our weak-kneed breed of politicians—but he has not the golden gift of silence. If he had held his tongue altogether, or uttered a few unambitious and studiously dull remarks in reply, very probably the debate would have collapsed, and we might have been spared Mr. Gladstone's impassioned harangue. For his own interests, moreover, it would have been wiser for the Grand Old Man to keep silence. His object is to get into office again, and to do this he must bring over to his side the "mugwumps," that is, the lukewarm electors who oscillate between the two political parties. But does he fancy that he will advance his cause with the "mugwumps" by trotting out all these stale accusations, which have been refuted over and over again, about Mitchelstown, Kinsella, Mandeville, and Dr. Barr? The chief impression left on the public by this "coal-scuttle" discussion is that the House of Commons is an admirable machine for wasting time, and evolving mischievous chatter.

FRANCIS JOSEPH.—Forty years ago, at the age of eighteen, Francis Joseph succeeded his uncle Ferdinand as Emperor of Austria. Had it been foreseen that during his reign Austria would lose her Italian provinces and be driven from Germany, all the world would have thought that the House of Hapsburg was on the road to ruin. Yet, as a matter of fact, it is much stronger to day than it was when the present Emperor began to rule. No doubt Austria has still some serious dangers ahead. To say nothing of the possibility of a war with Russia, she has to reconcile the conflicting claims of several nationalities, each of which has formed a somewhat extravagant estimate of its special rights. But not one of the various nationalities of which the Empire is composed is now disloyal to the Crown. The Hungarians are ready at any moment to draw the sword for the ruling dynasty; and the Slavonic populations vie with one another in showing that, whatever may be their grievances, they have no ground of complaint against the Emperor. All this is due mainly to the wisdom and justice with which, during these forty years, he has exercised his difficult functions. He has been a hard and steady worker, and has worked always in the interest of the people whose welfare is committed to his charge. In a thoroughly sympathetic spirit he has striven to understand them, and he has never hesitated to sacrifice hereditary powers, the maintenance of which has seemed to be incompatible with the common good. His reward is the highest any ruler can wish to secure—the sincere respect and affection of all classes of his subjects. As yet the Emperor Francis Joseph cannot be said to have crossed the threshold

of old age, and in the interest of his country and of Europe we must hope that many years of prosperity are in store for so good a man and so able and prudent a Sovereign.

THE INDIAN CONGRESS MOVEMENT.—It may be pretty safely assumed that Lord Dufferin's diplomatic tongue would not have denounced the Congress movement so unsparingly on the very eve of his leaving India without substantial cause. It may be that this agitation, like one nearer England, has two faces—the "constitutional" and the seditious. On the face of it there is little if anything to object to in an annual assembly of educated natives to discuss political and social matters. This might even be of very great advantage to the Indian Government, by giving it real insight into the ideas and aspirations of an important section of the community. Unfortunately, there is some reason to believe that those who are at the back of the movement dabble in seditious practices. There is no question, either, that they seek to spread discontent among the masses, preaching to them doctrines of the rawest Communism and inculcating the precept that the land belongs of right to those who till it. Perhaps the evil reaches even deeper than this; there may possibly be plottings of a directly treasonable kind. But in a country like India, nineteen-twentieths of whose inhabitants are steeped in the crassest ignorance, discontent, once planted, grows apace. Lord Dufferin may have seen proofs that this growth has already begun among the ryots. When they are assured by men of their own colour and creed that their condition could be immensely improved did India possess a Government of her own, and when the enormous benefits conferred upon the peninsula by British rule are carefully hidden, the poor credulous creatures get to long for they know not what. Something better, something brighter, something happier and more hopeful than toiling all their lives in the grip of the money-lender. It is these vague yearnings of the agricultural community that impart an element of danger to the Congress agitation. If the ryots can once be got to believe that its success would free them from the gombeen man, we shall have on our hands in Asia a gigantic *replica* of the Irish Question.

THE PANAMA CANAL.—France has just now a good many troubles and anxieties, and not the least of these is the imminent financial peril of the Panama Company. M. de Lesseps, plucky and sanguine to the last, has endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to dispose of the Lottery Bonds; and now the wreckers of the Bourse—significant harbingers of impending disaster—are combining to "bear" the Company's securities. M. de Lesseps and many of his countrymen are inclined to attribute these difficulties to the effect of international jealousies. As far as England is concerned this is emphatically untrue. Our people would welcome the successful opening of the Panama Canal, both as affording a valuable channel for trade, and as a practical protest against the monstrous doctrine that the citizens of the United States are lords of the manor of the two American continents. No doubt the Americans are hostile to M. de Lesseps's enterprise, because they want to make the Canal themselves, but their opposition is not the cause of its financial embarrassments. The real cause—quite apart from the engineering difficulties of the scheme—is the tremendous toll which has been exacted by financiers and speculators from the borrowers. It has been simply a modern and enlarged version of the time-honoured usurers' dodge, where the needy borrower covenanted to pay sixty per cent. interest, and received a goodly proportion of his loan in fiery sherry and sham Old Masters. The political consequences of a smash of the Panama Company might be so serious, that at the eleventh hour the French Government may feel constrained to bolster it up.

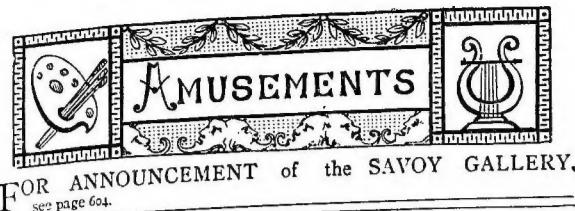
ÆSTHETIC TASTE IN ENGLAND.—Sir Frederick Leighton is usually the most genial of orators, but in his address on Monday he showed that, when he pleases, he knows how to lecture his countrymen. Englishmen rather like to be taken to task for their faults, so no one was offended by the President's plain speaking. About the general truth of his charges there can be no dispute. During the last few years, as he admitted, a certain interest in Art has been awakened, and the mere fact that an Association for the Advancement of Art, corresponding to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, has been formed, may be taken as evidence that the feeling which has been aroused is something more than a passing whim. It must be admitted, however, that, as a people, we are still far from having reached the ideal sketched by Sir Frederick Leighton. At the utmost, we have only begun to feel that this element of the national life has hitherto been sadly neglected, and that we have lost much by failing to give it the place which properly belongs to it. Sir Frederick was prudent enough to point out that the cultivation of an artistic spirit is important, not only from what may be called the human point of view, but in the interest of industry and commerce, since many products of labour are now valued exactly in proportion as they appeal to the æsthetic sense. This is an argument which the average Briton can understand and is likely to appreciate, and it is at any rate better that he should approach the subject in this way than that he should decline to approach it at all. The new Association may produce little direct effect; but it will do good service

if it succeeds in indirectly strengthening the influences that are more or less steadily tending to improve the popular taste. It would probably achieve its object most effectually by pressing for a fuller recognition of art in our schemes of education. Rapid progress would be made if every child were taught drawing and the elementary principles of design.

PARLIAMENTARY ROWDINESS.—The latest outbreak of rowdiness in the House of Commons would scarcely be worth remark did it not forcibly illustrate the more advanced character of the disease. When Mr. Cunningham Graham proudly shouted "I never withdraw," he unconsciously marked the enormous difference between Parliamentary manners in the present and in the past. Members used to make a point of withdrawing improper language, not for fear of suspension, as is too often the case now, but out of respect for the House and its dignity. In the heat of debate, violent expressions may fall from any one, but to refuse to withdraw them when called to account by the Speaker is the sort of vulgar bounce that one would more expect to find at a pot-house debating society than in the House of Commons. However, that is, unhappily, the humour of a certain class of members, and as they evidently consider it a fine thing to outrage the proprieties, there is nothing for it but to take as little notice of them as possible. A vigorous "boycott" by the reporters' gallery would probably stop the nuisance at once, but that remedy is, we fear, out of the question, there being too keen a relish of personal "incidents" among newspaper readers to admit of the supply being cut off. One thing is certain, however; if the waste of time caused by the rowdy element cannot be prevented—as we very much fear is the case—sweeping alterations will have to be made in Ministerial arrangements for conducting business. The Speaker has a Deputy to fall back upon, and also gets a break when the House is in committee. But the Leader of the House is a mill-horse for whom there is no rest, so long as Parliament is sitting. And since it appears probable that future Sessions will last, like the present one, for the greater part of the year, the collective wisdom had better consider the expediency of nominating a deputy Leader. Nine months' badgering and insults are enough to try a prize fighter's powers of endurance.

RUSSIA AND PERSIA.—It would appear that the success of Sir H. Drummond Wolff in negotiating a new treaty of commerce with Persia has aroused the jealousy of that powerful party in Russia which is progressive in the annexationist sense, and their organs in the Press have accordingly begun to express their discontent. This may be a matter of little practical import at the present moment, but if the Shah were to die, there would very probably be a struggle between two or more rivals for the supreme power, and then Russia would be strongly tempted to "cut in." The emergency may, we hope, be postponed for years, but it may come any day, and therefore our statesmen must be prepared beforehand as to the attitude they would take. Would they consider it their duty to resist by force of arms an attempt on the part of Russia to annex the Shah's dominions? We will not venture to answer such a momentous question, but we would remind our readers that a Russian occupation of Constantinople—which is nearer home, and more obviously connected with our route to India—would arouse less unanimous opposition in this country than it would have aroused even ten years ago. And many may be inclined to argue that if Russia had an outlet on the Persian Gulf, she would be less likely to hanker after Stamboul, or to covet our Indian possessions.

"A FREE PARDON."—It is extremely absurd that the men Brannagan and Murphy should have received "a free pardon" for an offence they never committed. Although this is only a question of form, it is not wholly unimportant; and we may hope that some more suitable method of releasing innocent prisoners will as soon as possible be devised and put into force. It would be difficult to conceive a harder case than that of these unfortunate men, who suffered imprisonment for nearly ten years because of a mistaken verdict. The country was unanimously of opinion that some solid compensation should be offered to them, and the Government is to be congratulated on having so promptly and generously responded to the popular feeling. There is reason for supposing that if our law had permitted the men to give evidence on their own behalf, or if the judge had possessed power to interrogate them as to their proceedings on the night of the crime, they would not have been condemned. Some good will come of the incident if it leads to speedy reform in this matter. A measure proposing that prisoners should have the right of giving evidence has already been submitted to the House of Commons, but Bills of this kind have little chance of being passed, unless special attention is in some way called to the subjects with which they deal. The Government would now have no difficulty in getting such a measure through Parliament, and they will be much to blame if they miss so good an opportunity of effecting a change about the need for which all who have devoted thought to the question are agreed.



FOR ANNOUNCEMENT of the SAVOY GALLERY.

see page 604.

SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES.

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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA
 COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "LOVE THE CAPTIVE,"
 from the Picture by Angelica Kauffmann.



THE CHINESE SQUADRON UNDER SAIL

"My sketch," writes an officer, "represents four ships of the Squadron making their way across the Sea of Japan to the Siberian coast without the aid of steam. In this age of mastless ships, such a reminiscence of the old days is interesting, as in a few years the spectacle of a fleet of men-o'-war under sail with fires banked and screws hoisted will be impossible, and the old sea cries of 'Helm a lee' and 'Mains'l haul,' as the ship is put about, will be heard no more in the Royal Navy. The sister-corvettes the *Constance* and the *Cordelia* are leading the way, and very lively craft they are in anything of a sea-way."

THE PARRELL COMMISSION

AMONG the witnesses examined last week, and whose portraits are here given, were Thomas Galvin, who was attacked by moon-



Mary Regan, daughter of John Regan. Her father was murdered as a land-grabber on Christmas Day, 1885

Michael Hayes, caretaker on an evicted farm. Was warned to leave by Moonlighters, and on their visit escaped by the back window, leaving his wife and children

lighters, and shot in the thigh; Edmund Horrigan, who was badly beaten and made to swear renunciation of his farm; Edward Brown,



Jeremiah O'Connor, farmer and relieving officer for the district of Millstreet, whose house was fired into because he refused to join the Land League

Ellen Fitzgerald, who lives near Millstreet. Threatened because she dealt with Mr. Hegarty



Thomas O'Connor, ex-Moonlighter of Castleisland, who gave evidence as to the "Inner Circle" of the Land League



Jeremiah Hegarty, shopkeeper, grazier, magistrate, said he lost £16,000 by being boycotted. Fired at twice, hit in the shoulder and hip

trate; and Mr. Jeremiah Hegarty, short, smart, and voluble, a Cork farmer and grocer, who had been shot at and badly boycotted. Further particulars are given in our "Legal" column.

THE AUSTRALIAN SQUADRON IN A GALE OFF CAPE HOWE

FIVE vessels of the Australian Squadron left Sydney on July 21st for the purpose of being present at the Melbourne Exhibition, and of landing a Naval Brigade to take part in the Governor's procession. The vessels were the *Nelson*—flagship of Admiral Henry Fairfax—the *Calliope*, the *Diamond*, the *Rapid*, and the *Lizard*. The Squadron experienced strong winds from the time she left Sydney, but when Cape Howe was neared head-gales and high-opposing seas were encountered. The stretch from the Cape to Wilson's Promontory was a very rough experience. The seas were stupendous, and the *Rapid* and the *Diamond* each lost a boat, washed off the davits by the violence of the waves. After passing the promontory the weather moderated, and the Squadron anchored inside Port Phillip Heads off Queenscliff on the night of July 25th, with the exception of the *Rapid*, which had been left lying-to during the heavy weather, but she joined her consorts next day, when all the vessels proceeded to Hobson's Bay.

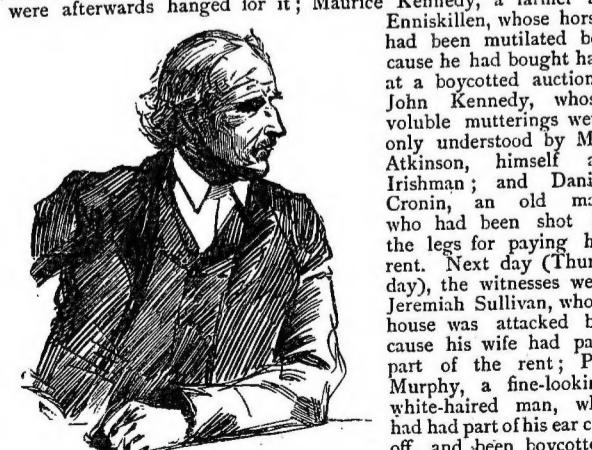
A CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM-YACHT "VICTORIA," XI.

THE PROPER THING TO DO AT GIBRALTAR

THE altitude of the Rock of Gibraltar is great; equally so is the heat of the sun during the small hours of the afternoon, while the energy of the hero of these sketches is small. It is, perhaps, rather shabby behaviour to give a friend the slip who is providing for your amusement; but then, some friends will not take a refusal, and leave no loophole for escape save in such a proceeding. We must, however, lament that there is any one who could find greater satisfaction in idly promenading, and endeavouring to what is vulgarly termed "mash" the fair portion of the promenaders, than in serious contemplation of the work of science in the galleries and the work of Nature from the summit of the Rock.

THE BATTLE OF KOTKAI

THIS sharply-contested action was fought on October 5th. The general advance of the Black Mountain Expedition was made on October 3rd, and the Fourth Column of the force, under the command of the late Colonel Crookshank, was ordered to advance upon and take Kotkai, a rocky stronghold, lying between mountain spurs on the Indus, about fifteen miles north from Darband and the same distance west of Oghi, whence the main portion of the Expedition started. Kotkai had previously been destroyed in the Expedition of 1852-3. Our troops consisted of the Royal Irish Regiment, 14th Punjab Infantry, the 29th Punjab Infantry's Headquarters' wing, and 241 men of the Scottish Division Royal Artillery, and met with some opposition from the enemy, which consisted of the Hassanzais, a branch of the Yusufzais, a section of the Pathans. After the Royal Irish had carried the enemy's position, about two miles from Kotkai some Ghazi fanatics delivered a countercharge, but were repulsed and killed to a man. On our side Captain Beley, one native officer, two privates of the Royal Irish Regiment, and one sepoy were killed, two officers and twelve men being wounded.



Patrick Murphy, who took a farm from which Widow Lennahar was evicted. His house was visited by Moonlighters; he was beaten, fired at, and had part of his ear cut off

On Friday, the witnesses were persons of a higher social grade
 namely, Mr. Samuel Hussey, for thirty-seven years a Kerry magis-



Mr. Samuel M. Hussey, a Kerry Magistrate for Thirty-seven Years



Sergeant Peter Faussett



Sergeant Shea, gave Evidence as to the boycotting of McCarthy and others



Mr. J. Stack, M.P.



District-Inspector Crane, examined as to the connection between Moonlighters and the League



Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M.P.



Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., cross-examining Mr. Crane



District-Inspector W. H. Rice



Mr. John O'Connor, M.P.



Mr. Biggar, M.P., cross-examining Mr. S. M. Hussey — Mr. Hussey: "I never had a serious threat until you mentioned my name in Castleisland"



John McAuliffe, brother to a process-server whom he assisted



John Kennedy, a member of the National League in 1886. Expelled from it and fired at for buying straw from McCarthy, a boycotted tenant



Jeremiah Sullivan, a tenant on Lord Ventry's estate, Kerry. He sent his wife to pay the rent. Shots were afterwards fired into the house



Daniel Cronin, a tenant of Lord Kenmare, visited by Moonlighters, fired at and shot



Johanna Brian told how her husband had been murdered because he had bought a piece of land from which a tenant had been evicted. Poff and Barrett were convicted of this crime



Thomas Galvin. He paid his rent, and was asked by the Moonlighters whether he would be shot or have his ears cut off. He preferred to be shot, and was wounded in the thigh



Edmund Brown took possession of an evicted farm. Shots were fired into his house, and he was summoned to appear before the League



Arthur Gloucester, bailiff on the Kenmare estate. After a Land League meeting his windows were broken by stones, and he was boycotted



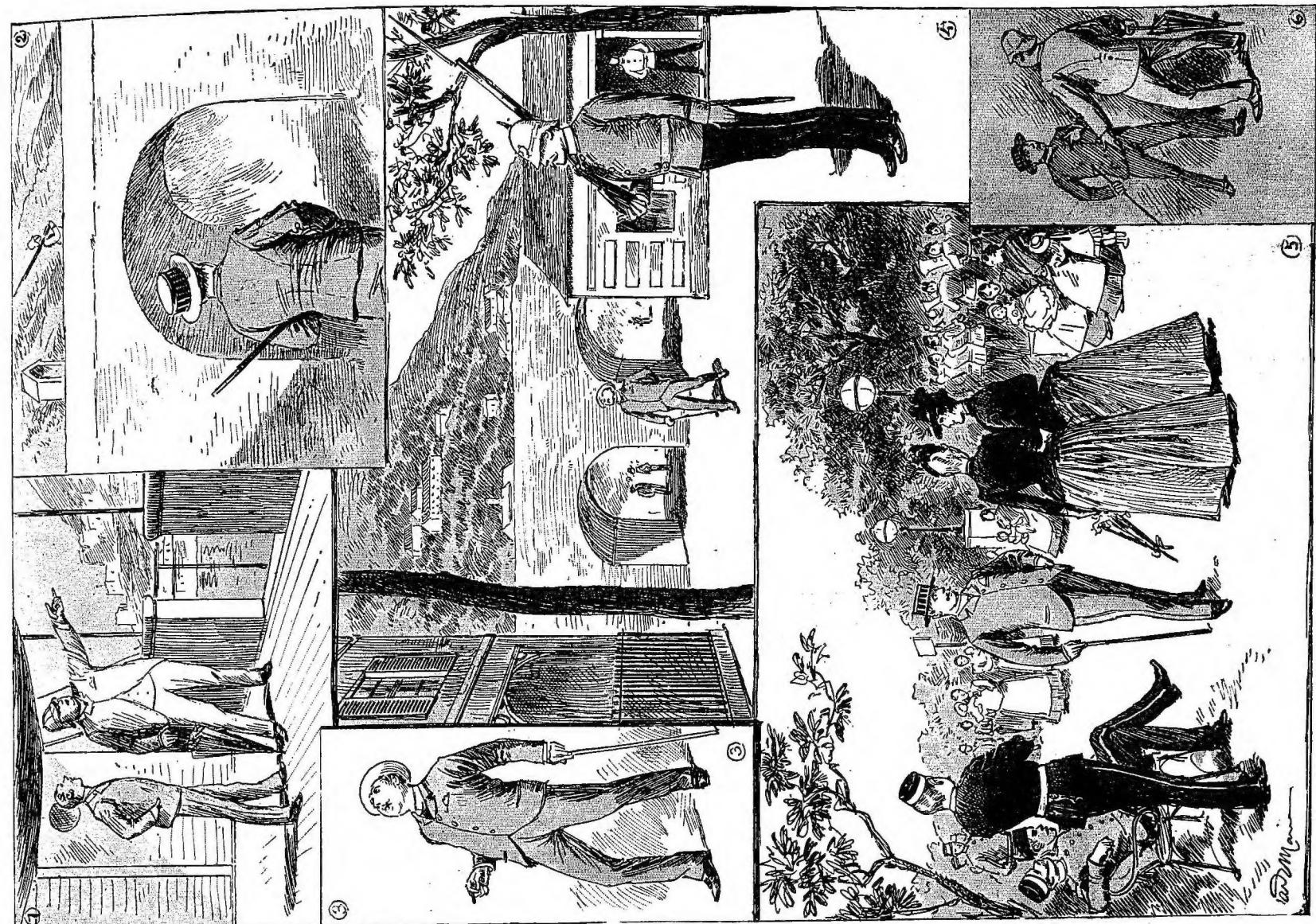
Andrew Griffin, a carter. While carrying McCarthy's goods he was beaten and robbed



Maurice Kennedy bought hay off a boycotted property. His horse's ears were cut off

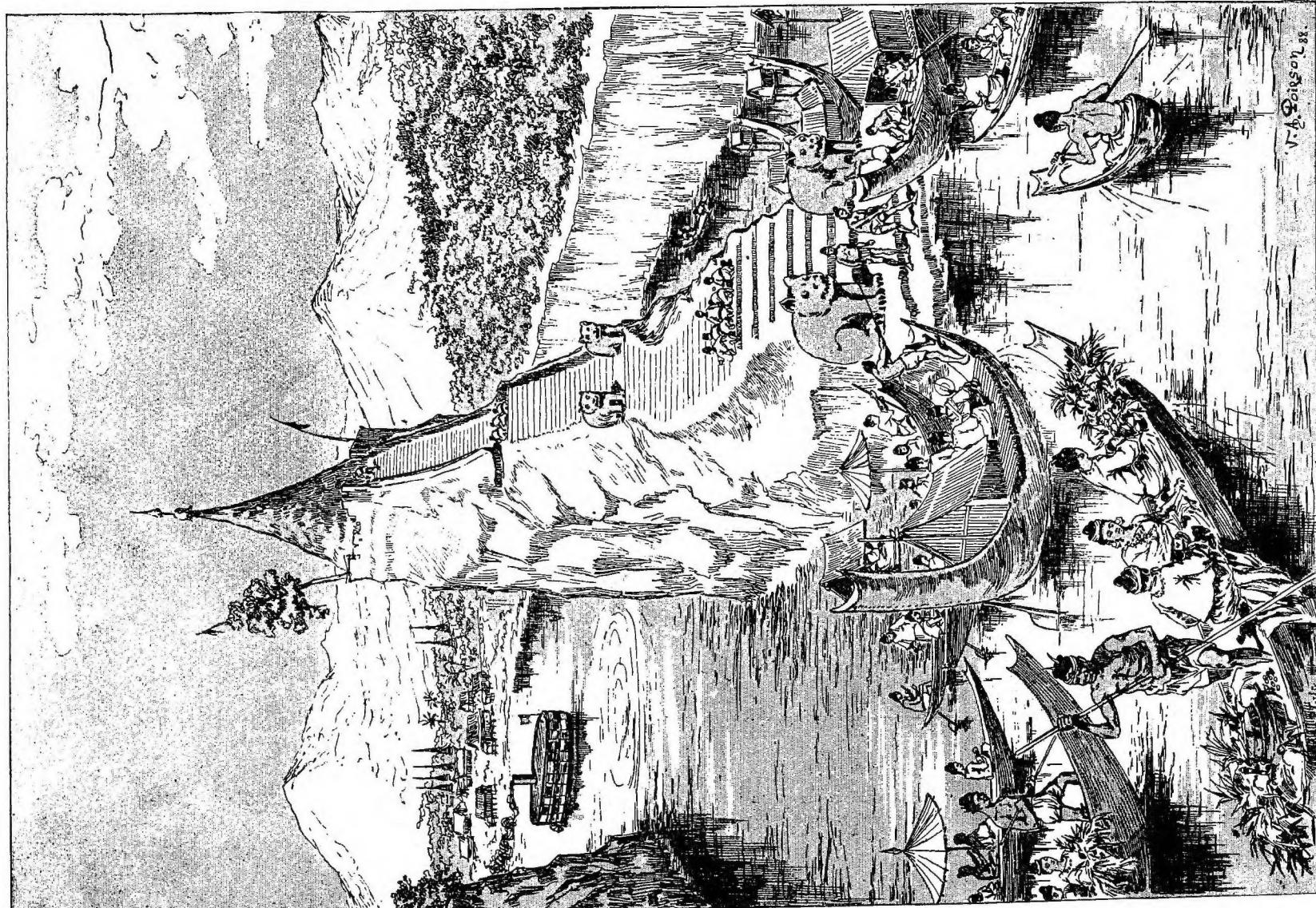


Edmund Horrigan paid his arrears of rent. Moonlighters took him into the yard and beat him



1. "The proper thing to do at Gibraltar is, of course, to see the Galleries and visit the Signal Station at the top of the Rock—a nice little walk, and meet me on shore at 3 P.M. by the Port Gate, and we'll go together." 2. I go ashore a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. 3. "The Rock looks formidable. How high it seems, and how hot it is!" 4. "Think I'll take a quiet walk, and come back to South Port Gate in an hour's time and look for him." 5. But he wasn't there, on my return, so I went and heard the band play in the Alameda—most enjoyable. 6. Later on—getting dark—"Holloa? here you are: quite missed you. Too late, now, I suppose—so sorry!"

A PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM YACHT "VICTORIA," XI.—THE PROPER THING TO DO AT GIBRALTAR. FROM SKETCHES BY MR. A. M. HORWOOD



THE WHIRLPOOL AND PAGODA OF KALEWA, CHINDWIN RIVER, UPPER BURMA, DURING THE WATER FESTIVAL

Colonel Crookshank, who has since died, was wounded in a reconnaissance previous to the action. The enemy, whose loss amounted to 200, showed the most intense ferocity, actually setting fire to one of the wounded.—Our illustration is from a sketch by Lieut. L. C. Koe, 18th Royal Irish Regiment.

GENERAL CHANNER

BRIGADIER-GENERAL G. N. CHANNER, V.C., commanded the first brigade of the Hazara Field Force, as the Black Mountain Expeditionary Force was officially termed. This brigade included the first and second columns, and did much hard work during the war. "General Channer," the correspondent of the *Times* writes, "was the moving spirit of the campaign, and earned universal approval by his splendid dash and energy and the inexhaustible fertility of his resources in any emergency." General Channer is an experienced Indian officer, having served in the Umbeyla Campaign of 1863, with General Wilde's column in the Jadoon country in 1864, took part in the Looshai operations in 1871-2, and also served with the Malacca column in 1875-6 in the operations in Sunghee Ujung, Terrachee, and Srimenanti. He led the advanced party at the surprise and capture of the Malay stockades in Bukit Putus Pass, and received the Victoria Cross "for having with the greatest gallantry been the first to jump into the enemy's stockade, to which he had been despatched, with a small party of Ghorkas, on December 20th, 1875, to procure intelligence as to its strength, position, &c." General—then Major—Channer captured the stockade, and his superior officer reported that had he not, by his "foresight, coolness, and intrepidity," taken the stockade, a great loss of life must have occurred—for as guns could not have been brought to bear upon it, the stockade must have been taken at the point of the bayonet. General Channer subsequently served in the Afreede and the Afghan Campaigns.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

MR. JAMES MONRO, who last week was appointed to the Chief Commissionership of the Metropolitan Police, in the place of Sir Charles Warren resigned, entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1857, and, while in India, held both judicial and executive appointments, filling the posts of magistrate and collector, Secretary to the Board of Revenue, District and Sessions Judge. Subsequently, he became Inspector-General of the Bengal Police, a body of 20,000 men under European officers; and, five years afterwards, Commissioner of the Presidency Commission. He was on several occasions thanked for his services by the Bengal Government. In 1884 Mr. Monro retired from the Bengal Service on being appointed by Sir W. Harcourt—then Home Secretary—to succeed Mr. Howard Vincent as Director of Criminal Investigations. He was recently made C.B., and in the summer resigned his office of Assistant-Commissioner of Metropolitan Police.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

MISS MARY ENDICOTT, who was married on November 15th, at St. John's Church, Washington, to the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain (she is his third wife), is the daughter of Mr. William Crowninshield Endicott, Secretary of State for War in President Cleveland's Cabinet. Mr. Endicott is a distinguished lawyer and leader of the Essex Bar, he is also a man of culture, and is popular and respected at Washington. Miss Endicott, who is twenty-three years of age, is lineally descended from John Endicott, one of the six original "patentees" of the Plymouth Grant. He sailed from Weymouth, and arrived in Salem Harbour September 18th, 1632, after a four months' passage. His fair descendant crossed the Atlantic with her bridegroom in about twice as many days.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Jordan, Washington, U.S.A.

BANQUET TO SIR JOHN LUBBOCK

ON November 29th, at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, a Committee of Traders, with Mr. James A. Stacey (who is secretary of the Early Closing Association) as honorary secretary, entertained Sir John Lubbock at a complimentary dinner. The chair was taken by Mr. John Barker, Kensington, and there were also present Mr. Cameron Corbett, M.P.; Mr. D. Henderson, Dundee; Mr. Stapley and Mr. A. Malcolm, Glasgow; Mr. H. Anstey and Mr. G. Tait, Edinburgh; Mr. J. Power, Birmingham; Mr. R. Dixon, Manchester; Mr. F. Pullman, Nottingham; Mr. B. Evans, Swansea; Mr. E. Jones, Southampton; and Mr. J. A. Stacey. Sir John Lubbock made an interesting speech, pointing out the long hours of labour undergone by shop-assistants, and indicating compulsory closing as the only efficient remedy.

THE PAGODA AND WHIRLPOOL OF KALEWA, UPPER BURMA

WHEN the River Chindwin is not in flood, crowds of Burmans of all ranks and all ages come from the neighbouring villages to visit this pagoda—the old to pray for their past sins, the young for their future welfare. Every household brings its contribution of fruit and flowers—the former for the priests, and the latter for the pagoda. The scene is eminently picturesque and full of colour, the men being as neat and tasteful in their garments as the fairer sex. The poorer classes don't wear much, but wear that little clean; while the richer folk are able to sport exquisite silks of varied and well-blended hues. The worshippers step out of their little boats, and reverently take off their sandals, and carry them in their hands. They pass between the two ugly dragons on either side of the first step, and on reaching an open flat bit of the rock they kneel and begin their first prayer, telling their beads, and chewing betel nut. They then proceed up to the next praying platform, and so on until they reach the pagoda, where they present their gifts. The festival derives its name from the fact that everybody tries to drench his neighbour with water. Kalewa is also famous for its whirlpool. "Many a time," writes Lieut. W. E. Hill, 18th Bengal Infantry, to whom we are indebted for our sketch, "have I been through it. Going up stream is safe enough, but when descending the river I used to stand near the rails of the little stern wheel launch, with my hair fairly on end, imagining every moment that we should be dashed against the huge rock in the middle of the stream. The water after cannoning off the opposite cliff curls itself into a whirlpool at the base of this rock, and has proved the grave of many a small boat. During the war of 1866-7 I used to see there the corpses of the poor wretches who had fallen victims to the rebels, or who had been drowned while attempting to escape."

BUST OF THE LATE SIR GEORGE JESSEL

ON the afternoon of November 28th, in the presence of a large number of Her Majesty's Judges, some of the leading Queen's Counsel, and others, the Lord Chancellor (Lord Halsbury) performed the ceremony of unveiling the marble bust to the memory of the late Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls. The bust, which is of white Carrara marble, and has been executed by Mr. W. R. Ingram, is a striking likeness of the late distinguished Judge. It stands on a pedestal of Sicilian marble, and the position which has been assigned to it is at the extremity of the eastern limb of the Court corridors of the Royal Courts of Justice, and immediately outside the Lord Chief Justice of England's Court.

WILLIAM WALLACE'S SWORD

ON November 19th, the arrangements for the transference of the Wallace Sword from Dumbarton Castle, where it has been deposited

for many centuries, to the National Wallace Monument on the Abbey Craig, Stirling, were consummated by the handing over of the historic weapon to the custodian of the monument. Shortly before noon, "Colonel" Nightingale, as representing the Commander of the Forces in North Britain, gave the sword into the custody of Dr. Rev. Dr. Rogers, Edinburgh, in the mess-room of Stirling Castle. The sword was thereafter conveyed to the Public Hall, and placed on a table in front of the platform, while a reception took place under the presidency of Provost Yellowlees. An interesting address, recounting the history of the sword, was then delivered by Dr. Rogers. He mentioned that, owing to fractures which have twice been welded, the weapon has been reduced from its original length.

NEW CITY OF LONDON COURT, GUILDHALL

THE New Court Building occupies the sites of the Old Court, the Land Tax Offices, and the "Tap" of the Guildhall Tavern, and will ultimately, on the expiration of a short lease, be extended over the site of No. 84, Basinghall Street. On the ground-floor are offices for clerks and bailiffs, on the upper floor the Judge's Court, 45 by 26, and the Registrar's Court, 36 by 26, each with a private room attached, and approached by a separate stair and entrance. The general entrance is in the centre of the *façade* from Guildhall Buildings, and opens into a hall and staircase giving access to the offices on the ground floor and to the courts above. In the basement are lavatories and stores for books, papers, &c. The style is late Gothic, harmonising with the Library and the new Council Chamber. The external moulded work is in Portland stone, with grey Penrhyn granite plinths, the walling of Kentish rag; internally the hall and staircase is of Bath stone, the open roof of oak; the courts have wainscot-panelled ceilings. The plan has been designed with the view of obtaining ample space and plenty of light, with good ventilation. The warming is effected by means of hot-water coils and pipes, as well as open fireplaces.

The amount of the contract is £13,637. (estimate, £14,500), the architect is Mr. Andrew Murray, A.R.I.B.A., the builder being Mr. James Morter, of Stratford.—We copy the foregoing details from the *Builder*.

SOME RELICS OF THE EMIN PASHA EXPEDITION

THE collection of natural history and other trophies and curiosities of travel formed by the late Mr. James S. Jameson, of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, are now being exhibited at Mr. Rowland Ward's, Piccadilly. Mr. Jameson was a keen sportsman and an accomplished naturalist, and it was his love of natural history that mainly induced him to join Mr. Stanley's Expedition. The objects really belong to all four quarters of the globe, as there are heads of chamois from Europe, of bison and Rocky Mountain goats from North America, and specimens of the Great Argus pheasant and the hornbill from Borneo. The most interesting section, however, contains the African trophies, which are numerous and extremely curious—including the rare white rhinoceros, various deer and antelopes from South Africa, and from the Congo region many daggers, spears, and swords, some beautifully carved and ornamented, curved execution knives, singular fetish images, a headdress made out of a human scalp, a necklace of human teeth, and other curiosities which Mr. Jameson had gathered together during his wanderings.

CLIMBING A PALM TREE, CEYLON

OUR illustration is from a photograph, and represents the Singhalese method of climbing a cocoa-palm tree to obtain the fruit. As there are no branches, the native has to go up hand over hand, while making much use of his feet, which are bare and, from habit, can grip like those of a monkey. The cocoa-nut palm is one of the chief and most valuable trees of Ceylon, and it is stated that there are twenty millions of them in the island.

LOVE THE CAPTIVE

THESE mythological and allegorical conceits, which were so dear to our forefathers, seem rather insipid to modern palates. But, at the same time, whether designed by a Bartolozzi, a Stothard, or, as in the example before us, an Angelica Kauffmann, there is much grace both in the conception and the execution. The subject, too, here given may be interesting even to modern maidens who have been crossed in love, and who will experience a malicious pleasure in seeing Cupid pilloried, albeit he is pelted with nothing worse than flowers. Marie Angelica Kauffmann was born at Coire in Switzerland, in 1741, studied painting in Italy, came to England, painted the whole Royal Family, and was chosen a member of the Royal Academy. She died in 1807. She was twice married—the first time not happily. Her career is skilfully depicted in Miss Thackeray's "Miss Angel."

THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 605.

THE PARNELLITE M.P.'S

THE above title is not strictly accurate, because out of the eighty-six members who follow Mr. Parnell's allegiance, only sixty are included in the indictment preferred by the *Times*. On the other hand, as our portraits are confined to M.P.'s, that of Mr. Davitt, although a very prominent personage in this connection, is omitted. Events move so rapidly that the reader's memory may possibly need refreshing as to the manner in which the Parnell Commission originated. Broadly speaking the Irish Nationalists, both at home and abroad, are divided into two parties, one seeking to gain its ends by constitutional methods, the other by outrage and violence. Every one admits that to some extent these parties overlap each other, but the allegations of the *Times* went beyond this, inasmuch as it charged certain M.P.'s and others with carrying on a constitutional agitation while at the same time they were secretly leagued with outrage-mongers and assassins. The parties thus incriminated were, of course, at liberty to endeavour to clear their reputations by a criminal information for an action of libel against the *Times*, but this they did not attempt. When, however, the action collapsed which Mr. O'Donnell brought against the *Times*, the Parnellite M.P.'s demanded that the matter should be referred to a Committee of the House of Commons. This the Government declined, but offered instead a Commission, modelled on that which inquired into the Sheffield outrages of 1867. This offer was, after a good deal of debate, somewhat ungraciously accepted, and hence the inquiry at the Law Courts, which, after the fashion of Pope's wounded snake, "drags its slow length along."

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Messrs. Parnell, E. Leamy, J. Redmond, J. F. X. O'Brien, Deasy, J. Kenny, Conway, P. O'Brien, Mayne, T. D. Sullivan, Chance, Flynn, Gill, Sheehan, J. Dillon, Cox, J. O'Connor, Finucane, Sexton, Harris, Jordan, A. O'Connor, Quinn, O'Kelly, Gilhooley, Barry, Power, Clancy, Pyne, Hayden, Kilbride, Byrne, Campbell, Leahy, Condon, E. Harrington, Foley, Lalon, O'Hea, Sheehy, T. Harrington, T. M. Healy, Nolan, Sir H. G. Esmonde, Drs. Tanner, Kenny, and Fox, by Lawrence, 5 and 7, O'Connell Street, Dublin; Messrs. M'Cartan, O'Doherty, Commins, and Justin M.Carthy, by Russell and Sons, 199, Brompton Road, S.W.; Messrs. Abraham and O'Keefe, by O'Shea, 117, George Street, Limerick; Messrs. Biggar and Tufts, by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street, W.; Mr. Hooper, by the Berlin Studio, Cork; Mr. Crilly, by Lander, 22, Westmoreland Street, Dublin; Mr. M. Healy, by Savvy, 54, Grafton Street, Dublin; Mr. Lane, by Guy, Cork; Messrs. P. J. O'Brien, W. H. K. Redmond, W. O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor, Stack, and Donal Sullivan are from unnamed photographs.

NOTE.—In reference to our recent review of a translation of Ibsen's plays, we are requested to state that the magazine entitled *To-Day* is not defunct, and is published at 183, Fleet Street, E.C.



SIR HENRY NORMAN, Governor of Jamaica, whose military and administrative record, chiefly of varied service in India, is one of great distinction, has been appointed Governor of Queensland.—Lord Balfour of Burleigh, having for family reasons declined the Queensland Governorship, will, it is intimated, succeed in the Secretarieship of the Board of Trade the Earl of Onslow, who has been appointed Governor of New Zealand.

THERE IS A VACANCY in the representation of Maidstone through the death of Major Ross (C), and in that of Stockton-on-Tees through the resignation of Mr. Dodds (G). For the former seat Mr. F. S. Cornwallis, of Linton Park, near Maidstone, whose grandfather formerly represented the borough, will, it is said, be the Conservative candidate; for the latter Sir Horace Davey, Q.C., is the Gladstonian candidate, and Mr. Thomas Wrightson, for the third time, the Conservative candidate. At the last General Election Mr. Dodds defeated him by a majority of 1,002.

AT A LARGELY-ATTENDED MEETING AT OXFORD, presided over by the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, Warden of Merton, it was resolved to establish a University Unionist League.

THE CHOICE of a Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the London School Board testifies to a wish for reciprocal conciliation on the part of the supporters of the old policy and its opponents. The most prominent representative of the former section, the Rev. J. Diggle, Chairman of the last Board, has been elected Chairman of the new one, but his strenuous ally, the late Vice-Chairman, Sir Richard Temple, on being proposed for re-election, was defeated in favour of Professor Gladstone, the candidate of the opposition.

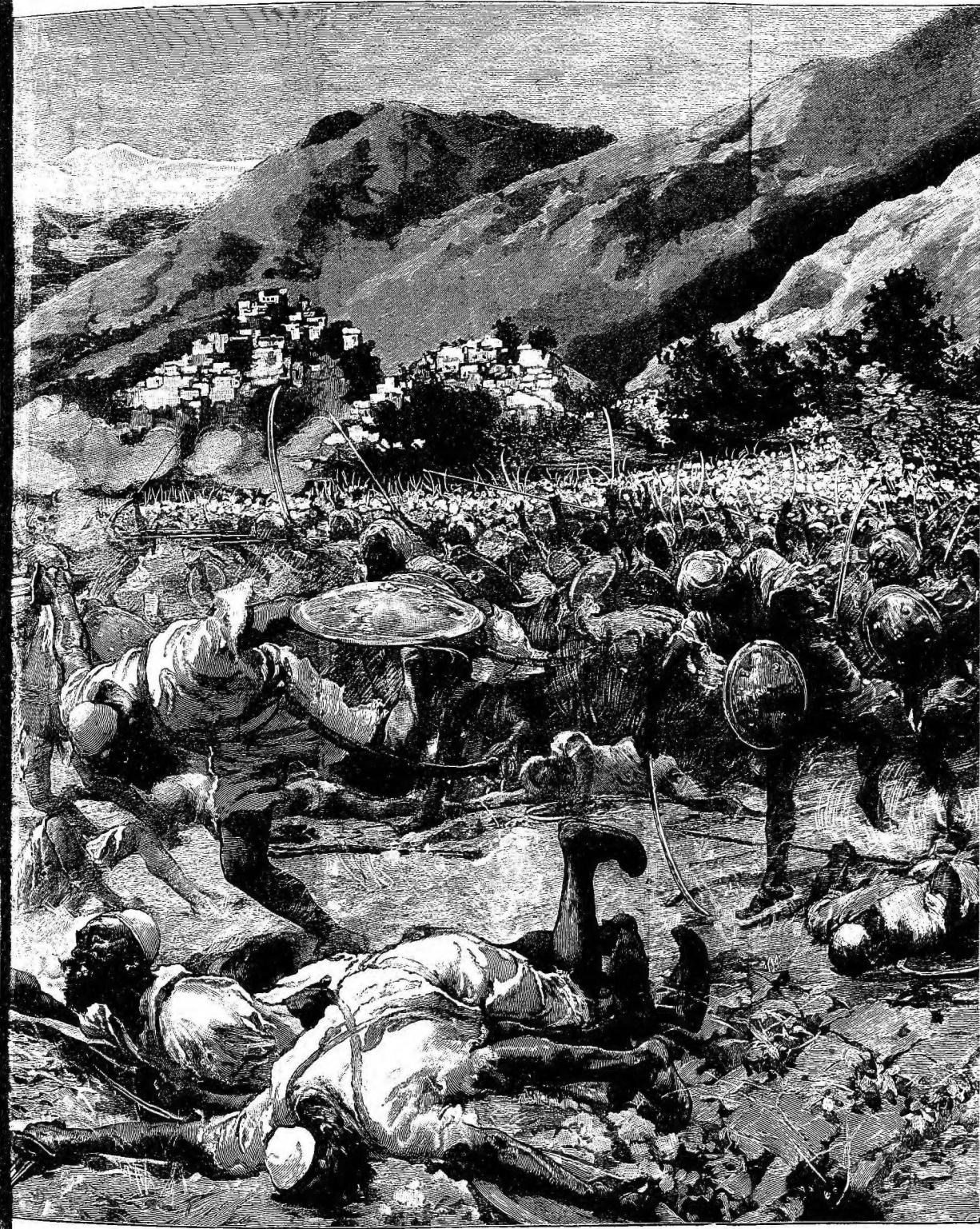
AT A SPECIAL MEETING of the Council of the National Rifle Association, on Wednesday, the report of the Committee in favour of the Brookwood site for the new Wimbledon was adopted, subject to the acquisition at a reasonable cost of the land required, and of the user of Bisley Common. In pursuance of the Lord Mayor's desire to distinguish his year of office by having something done to increase the equipment of the Volunteers in the Metropolitan, Eastern, and South-Eastern Districts, he held a conference on the subject this week with thirty or forty commanding-officers, representing about 70,000 men of all arms of the force. The proceedings were private, but it is understood that the urgent need of rifle-ranges was one of the principal points discussed.

PATRICK MOLLOY, one of the Invincibles told off by the Inner Circle to murder Mr. Barrett, the wine-merchant, escaped arrest by flying to America, whence he subsequently returned to Dublin, and has there been employed by the Corporation as a time-keeper. A few days ago he was served with a *subpoena* to give evidence before the Special Commission on "Parnellism and Crime," but refused to obey it. Sir James Hannan accordingly signed a warrant for his arrest, and on Wednesday he was arrested in Dublin, and taken to London.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Metropolitan Board of Works, the local Vestry, and the Charity Commissioners have promised £36,000, to purchase the eight acres, known as the Lawn, as a central garden and recreation ground for Lambeth, and £2,000, has been collected by a local committee. But unless a further sum of £7,125 is subscribed by January 31st, the scheme must be abandoned. To raise it an appeal is made by Miss Octavia Hill, to whom, at 14, Nottingham Place, W., or to Messrs. Barclay, Ransome, and Co., Pall Mall East, donations for "The Vauxhall Park Fund" may be sent.—At the annual meeting of the Royal Society, the Copley Medal was presented to Professor Huxley, the Davy Medal to Mr. William Crookes, and Professor Stokes was re-elected President.—The first annual congress of the National Association for the Advancement of Art, and its Application to Industry, was opened at Liverpool on Monday, its president, Sir Frederick Leighton, delivering an interesting and appropriate inaugural address.—A number of Welsh M.P.'s, and others, have formed a committee for the establishment of a Welsh Exhibition in London.—The borough of Birmingham and the borough of Dundee have been raised to the rank of cities.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her seventy-third year, of the Dowager Lady Kinnaird, a zealous promoter of religious and educational work, who founded the London Young Women's Christian Association and the successful school at Westbourne Park, where girls are trained for domestic service, and was prominent in founding the Society for Promoting Zenana Visitation and Medical Missions to the Women of India, having also been associated with Lady Canning in sending nursing aid to the wounded in the Crimea; suddenly, in his sixtieth year, of Major Alexander H. Ross, Conservative M.P. for Maidstone, which he has represented since 1882; in his eighty-sixth year, of Sir Walter S. Stirling, Bart., for many years an active Middlesex magistrate; in his seventy-fifth year, of Dr. E. H. Greenhow, the eminent Consulting Physician to the Middlesex Hospital, and Medical Officer to the Pension Commutative Board, distinguished also as a sanitarian, the author of valuable reports on the diseases incident to various employments, and of works on Diphtheria, Chronic Bronchitis, and Addison's Disease; of the Rev. Claude de la Mothe, Deputy-Chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Whitehall; in his seventy-ninth year, of Mr. George Dodds, ex-Mayor of Tynemouth, one of the oldest Temperance advocates in the North of England; of Mr. Stephen Reay, for twenty-two years Secretary of the London and North-Western Railway Company; and in his forty-eighth year, of phthisis, of Mr. B. Montgomerie Ranking, son of Mr. B. Ranking, F.R.C.S., J.P. of Hastings, for many years a valued member of the literary staff of this journal. Mr. Ranking was a man of many and varied attainments. His several volumes of poetry entitle him to a high place among the minor singers of the day. His linguistic studies were deep, and he had an especial acquaintance with Scandinavian tongues. For many years he had been a constant writer for the London Press, having contributed to the *Morning Post*, the *Academy*, and other papers. He was the editor of the *Pen*, a promising, but short-lived, literary newspaper; and later he was proprietor and editor of *Time*. The sincerity of his character, and the kindness of his manner, endeared Mr. Ranking to every member of the large circle in which he moved.

LONDON MORTALITY again declined last week, and 1,352 deaths were registered, against 1,409 the previous seven days, a fall of 57, being 412 below the average, and at the rate of 16.5 per 1,000. These deaths included 141 from measles (an increase of 8), 24 from scarlet-fever (a rise of 4), 34 from diphtheria (a decrease of 7), 20 from whooping-cough (an increase of 1), 11 from enteric fever (a fall of 4), 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 13 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 5). 1 from cholera, and not one from small-pox or from typhus. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 258, a decrease of 29, and were 227 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 54 deaths; 47 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 20 from fractures and contusions, 8 from burns and scalds, 3 from drowning, and 10 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Six cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,367 births registered, against 2,772 during the previous week, being 372 below the average.



THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION, WESTERN HIMALAYAS
GHAZI FANATICS CHARGING THE 18TH ROYAL IRISH AT KOTKAI



THE Baudin demonstration in Paris on Sunday, which was expected to give rise to serious disturbances, passed off quietly, and without any untoward incident. The procession, headed by the Prefect of Police, the Republican Senators and Deputies, and the Municipal Councillors, wended its way peacefully from the Hôtel de Ville to the entrance of Montmartre Cemetery, where a model of Baudin's tomb had been erected and covered with red velvet. A few pro and anti-Boulangist cries were raised on the way, but there was no attempt at rioting. On reaching the tomb, M. Darlot, the President of the Municipal Council, made his speech amid general applause. His theme was the eulogy of Baudin for his "intrepid defence of Republican right against Cæsarism," and, during his discourse, he took the opportunity to denounce Boulangism and the Boulangists. These last took no part in the demonstration, upon the plea that the Ministry wished to provoke an outbreak, which would afford an excuse for perpetrating a *coup d'état*, or, in the words of a proclamation from a Boulangist Committee, "under the pretext of saving the Republic, it would renew in Paris the massacres of December 2nd." Certainly the authorities had neglected no precaution to repress any outbreak, as the entire Paris garrison was kept in full marching order in the barracks, troops of cavalry were stationed in the courtyards of the various Mairies, and the whole of the Police and Republican Guard were on duty. However, fortunately, there was no call whatever for military interference, and the Boulangist apprehensions were in no way realised. The General himself went to a grand banquet at Nevers, where he referred to the *Coup d'Etat*, and blamed Napoleon III. for establishing absolute Monarchy—an irreparable mistake, which led up to disastrous war, and "bequeathed as an inheritance the threatening eventuality of a supreme conflict, when not only the honour, but the very existence of the country will have to be defended—when France will have either to conquer or die." He concluded by declaring that he was in no way "the Dictatorial bogey" his enemies designate him, and warmly urging his Revisionist views—the fulfilment of which would bring about the National Republic and—the Millennium.

In the Chamber this week all has been comparatively quiet. M. Numa Gilly is to be prosecuted for the libellous "revelations" he has made in "Mes Dossiers," and M. Vieil-Picard has obtained leave to bring an action against M. Wilson for asserting that he procured his "Cross" through bribery. M. De Lesseps has again been to the fore this week, and has issued an urgent circular to the Panama shareholders to put their hands in their pockets, to the tune of 14,000,000/., and finally allay all anxiety as to the completion of the work. In Paris the works of the Exhibition are growing apace, and the Eiffel Tower has reached the height of 660 feet, being now the loftiest erection in the world.

In GERMANY the Emperor has been kept indoors for a week by a bad cold, but is now convalescent. East African affairs still form the all-absorbing topic, and Lieutenant Wissmann has been invited by Prince Bismarck to Friedrichsruh to post up the Chancellor in all the plans and prospects of the Emin Pasha Expedition. He hopes to leave for Zanzibar before Christmas. Lieutenant Wissmann's Expedition will be followed by another and larger one under Dr. Peters, the latter taking his men through the German Protectorate. A German Roman Catholic Committee have issued a stirring appeal to their co-religionists to join and work in the interests of the African Society of German Catholics for the suppression of slavery and institute a "Black Crusade."

To turn to EASTERN AFRICA itself, the Sultan of Zanzibar being still ill, the English and German Admirals have published a proclamation in the Sultan's name, announcing that the blockade of the coast began on December 2nd, and the various vessels have accordingly been taking up their positions, the German fleet acting south of Wangi to Lindi, and the English fleet north of Wangi to Lamu. Meanwhile, last week two German vessels bombarded Saadani, opposite Zanzibar, upon the plea of having been fired upon, and at Bagamoyo, which three Arab caravans with slaves and ivory had reached after fighting their way through the opposing coast tribes, the Germans armed the Umyamweze porters with breech-loading rifles, and sent them back to fight the tribes again. The coast tribes have dug rifle pits all along the coast-line to protect themselves from the German shell fire. All trade is now at a standstill. Although the sowing season has arrived no attempt is being made to cultivate the land along the German coast, the cultivators being afraid to leave their cottages on account of the insurgent tribes. A famine is accordingly apprehended. Communication with the interior from Zanzibar will now naturally be extremely difficult, though the natives show every disposition to discriminate between the English and the Germans. Thus an English missionary and a native catechumen were last week swept away in a small canoe to a village south of Bagamoyo, and were on the point of being killed as Germans when the native was recognised as a member of the Universities' Mission. Both were immediately released and allowed to return with the message that the tribes were only at war with the Germans, who had taken 100 lives.

AUSTRIA has been quietly, but none the less sincerely, celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the accession of the Emperor. It had at first been intended to make the occasion one of universal popular rejoicing and festivity, but the Emperor was averse to this, and requested that such money as his loyal subjects might like to spend should be devoted to charitable objects. This has been done willingly, and the only celebrations of the event have been various donations to existing and foundations of new charitable institutions, religious services, and long articles in the newspapers, giving the career of the Emperor from the time when, a lad of nineteen, he courageously assumed the Crown abandoned by his uncle, and refused by his father. The Emperor's great services are fully and loyally acknowledged, and the situation of the Austrian Empire forty years since, torn asunder by revolution, is favourably contrasted with the prosperous condition of the dual Empire of to-day. The Emperor himself, with the Empress, passed the anniversary at the Castle Miramar—a quiet retreat on the shores of the Adriatic.

RUSSIA has found another grievance against England and the English, whom they now accuse of wishing to absorb all trade passing through Persia. This is owing to the new Treaty of Commerce and Navigation, which has been concluded between England and Persia, and which is looked upon as a distinct snub to Russia, especially as the Shah refuses to officially recognise the Russian representatives at Resht and Meshed, and is endeavouring to prohibit the sale of wheat to the Russians on his northern frontier. The Russian Ambassador, Prince Dolgorouky, is declared to have been outwitted by Sir Drummond Wolff, and the St. Petersburg journals are indignantly reproaching the Russian Foreign Office, and condemning the collapse of Russian ascendancy at Teheran, of which they have made so many boasts during the past few years. The relations between Russia and Persia are said to be greatly strained, and M. de Giers is sending a peremptory Note to the Persian Government requiring *exequaturs* to be granted to the Russian Consuls, who have not yet been recognised.

In EGYPT all is preparation for the coming campaign at Suakin. The little Expedition has now been organised, and the troops have been despatched from Alexandria. The force is under the command of General Sir F. W. Grenfell, who, together with his staff, Colonel Rhodes, Major Settle, and Major Johnstone, left for Suakin on Sunday. The mounted force, consisting of the mounted infantry, a squadron of Egyptian cavalry, and an Egyptian battery of Horse Artillery, are under Colonel Barrow; and the King's Own Scottish Borderers under Colonel Coke. Colonel Kitchener will command the first and Colonel Holled Smith the second Egyptian Brigade. The object of the Expedition is to clear the trenches outside Suakin of the rebels, and to build outlying forts, in which General Grenfell will most probably succeed. It is generally expected, however, that as soon as he turns his back the Arabs will return and resume their former operations. At Suakin the enemy have been as active as ever, and have materially strengthened their works, which can only now be attacked with difficulty; so that the first arrival of the reinforcements—the 10th Sudanese battalion—was hailed on Monday with much relief, as, apart from the inability to procure water, and the nightly bombardments, the inhabitants had been in daily fear of the town being suddenly rushed by assault, when a general massacre would have undoubtedly taken place.

In INDIA, Lord Lansdowne, the new Viceroy, arrived at Bombay on Monday, and in reply to an address of welcome from the municipal authorities drew a contrast between Canada and India, stating that he had left a country where self-governing institutions were fully developed for one where they were being tried with cautious and tentative steps in regard to purely local affairs. Lord Dufferin made what may be termed his farewell speech last week at the St. Andrew's Day dinner in Calcutta, where he severely condemned the National Congress agitation. Dwelling upon the fact that the Indian Empire numbered 250,000,000 souls of various creeds and nationalities, and in every stage of civilization "through which mankind has passed, from pre-historic ages to the present time," he protested against the "sudden jumps" that "some intelligent, well-meaning men were desirous of taking into the unknown by the application to India of democratic methods of government, and the adoption of Parliamentary systems which England herself only reached by slow degrees through the discipline of many centuries of preparation." Lord Dufferin pointed out that in the present condition of India there can be no real or effective representation of the people, "with their enormous numbers, multifarious interests, and tesselated nationalities," and that even the promoters of the movement ought to see that all the strength, power, and intelligence of the British Government are applied to preventing one race from acquiring dominion over another. How could any reasonable man imagine that the British Government could allow a "microscopic minority" to control their administration of this multifarious Empire? He warned the members of the Congress that no Government would regard with indifference their distribution amongst ignorant and credulous persons of publications manifestly intended to excite the hatred of the people against the public servants of the Crown in India.

In the UNITED STATES President Cleveland has sent his last Message to Congress, and its composition shows a good deal of ill temper—the dying utterance of an embittered and a disappointed man. After calling attention to the centenary of the adoption of the United States Constitution, he compares the frugality which prevailed then to the wealth and luxury which prevails in this century, and then, plunging into the tariff question, complains bitterly that the Government, instead of limiting the taxes to the necessities of administration, persists in exacting millions which lie unapplied and useless in the Treasury. He denounces the "Communism of Wealth and Capital," and declares that "he mocks people who propose that the Government shall protect the rich, and they in their turn will care for the poor. A just and sensible revision of the tariff should be made for the relief of those suffering under present conditions. . . . It is the people's cause." He then reviews the Fisheries Question, and once more declares that the rejected Treaty "supplies a satisfactory, practical, and final adjustment upon a basis honourable and just to both parties," and then turning to the Sackville incident pours the whole vial of his wrath upon "the unpardonable conduct" of the "person whose continuance at his post would have destroyed the mutual confidence essential to a good understanding between the two Governments, and was inconsistent with the welfare and self-respect of the American Government."



THE QUEEN has received numerous visitors at Windsor. Princess Louise and Lord Lorne arrived to stay on Saturday, followed by Earl and Countess Sydney and the Bishop of Ripon, who joined the Royal party at dinner. The Duchess of Manchester also had audience of Her Majesty and the Empress Frederick, the Empress further receiving the Duke and Duchess de Sermonteta. Next morning the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Bishop of Ripon preached, while in the evening the Bishop, Earl and Countess Sydney, and Baron Seckendorff dined with the Queen. Princess Louise and her husband left on Monday, when the Ducs de Nemours and d'Autum lunched with the Royal party. The Empress Frederick has inspected the Royal Tapestry Works at Windsor, while her three daughters came up to town with Prince and Princess Henry to hear the performance of *The Messiah* at Westminster Abbey. On Tuesday the Queen drove out with Princess Beatrice and the Princesses Sophia and Margaret of Prussia, and subsequently conferred the Order of Knighthood on Mr. P. H. Edlin, Q.C., and Mr. P. de Keyser, the late Lord Mayor.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and a large party of guests, including the Duke of Cambridge and the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, kept the Princess's forty-fourth birthday on Saturday, at Sandringham, with the usual rejoicings. The tenants' ball was given the night before, but on the actual anniversary the children on the Royal estate had their annual tea at Sandringham, the Royal party visiting their guests during the meal. Next morning the Prince and Princess, with their family and most of their visitors attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, while the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and their daughter drove to the nearest Roman Catholic Church. The Duke of Cambridge went back to town on Sunday evening, and the remainder of the party left next day, the Prince of Wales also going up to town, where he went to the Comedy Theatre in the evening. On Tuesday he presided at a meeting of the Council of the Duchy of Cornwall, went to the Gaiety Theatre in the evening, and subsequently returned to Sandringham, whence on Wednesday he went to stay with Mr. Tyssen Amherst at Didlington Hall. He goes back to Sandringham to-day (Saturday); and on Monday the Prince and Princess and family come up to town to fulfil various engagements, including a visit to the Queen.—Prince Albert Victor has been staying with Lord and Lady Wenlock at Escrick Park, Yorkshire.—Prince George is to be invited to take up the Freedom of the City of London, to which he is entitled by patrimony.



THE CHURCHWARDENS OF ST. ETHELBURGA'S, Bishopsgate Street, have forwarded to the Bishop of London a somewhat drastic "presentment," protesting against the long non-residence of the incumbent, and the alleged reintroduction of Ritualistic practices by the curate in charge. These having been previously brought under the Bishop's notice, it is complained that he has neglected to deal with them.

THE BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD has appointed Canon Stratton, an Evangelical, to the Archdeaconry of Huddersfield, and the Rev. J. S. Brooke, the new Vicar of Halifax, and a High Churchman, to that of Halifax.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR preached last Sunday before the members of the Art Congress at Liverpool a sermon showing an intimate knowledge and appreciation of art.—On the same day a crowded congregation welcomed Canon Liddon's return to the pulpit of St. Paul's, from which he preached a sermon on the limitations of human justice and knowledge as contrasted with the divine.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The *Record* learns that the Rev. D. L. McAnally will next spring resign the Secretaryship of the Colonial and Continental Church Society.—Two largely attended Protestant meetings, Canon Christopher presiding, have been held in the Town Hall, Oxford, one of which was addressed by Sir Arthur Blackwood on the Revolution of 1688, and the other by the Dean of Achonry on the defeat of the Spanish Armada.—Sir Spencer Wells delivered an address this week in support of cremation to an audience of the clergy, in the course of which he said that if it become general, urn burial could be practised to any extent in churches; and the existing cemeteries, now a danger to health, could be converted into beautiful public gardens.—The Rev. Dr. Alexander Macleod, of Birkenhead, has been nominated for the Moderatorship of the next Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England.—Mr. Spurgeon writes from Mentone, where he is expected to remain for six or eight weeks, that, though still extremely weak, he is able to walk a little.



MUSIC IN CHURCH.—Two elaborate services at which oratorios were performed have been held within the week. At Westminster Abbey, last Thursday, Handel's *Messiah* was heard for the first time in that building since the year 1834, when it was performed in the course of an elaborate Festival, part of the proceeds of which was handed to the Royal Society of Musicians. On Thursday it was given to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the same charity, and the service, which began with a few prayers and ended with the Blessing, pronounced by Dean Bradley, was attended by a very large congregation, including the Empress Victoria and two of her daughters, and the Princesses Louise and Beatrice. It is a pity that, for so interesting an occasion, the band and chorus were not better rehearsed, but, on the other hand, the beautiful voices of Madame Albani and Madame Patey and Handel's music itself were greatly enhanced in effect by the surroundings of the ancient Abbey. —At St. Paul's, as usual in Advent, Spohr's *Last Judgment* was given last Tuesday, the vast Cathedral being crowded by a congregation of between eight and ten thousand persons. The religious nature of the service was insisted upon in a little book circulated in the building, and, in accordance with custom, the oratorio was prefaced and followed by prayer, the vocalists being exclusively drawn from the ranks of St. Paul's choir. There was however one innovation, for the organ, which Sir John Stainer used to play so admirably, was, on Tuesday, replaced by a small orchestra.

DEATH OF MR. DESMOND RYAN.—We have to record the decease, last Thursday, at the early age of thirty-seven, of Mr. Desmond Ryan, who, for upwards of twenty years, and, indeed, since he was comparatively a boy of seventeen, has been musical critic of the *Standard*, in which position he succeeded his father. Mr. Ryan also once wrote for the *Examiner*, *Sunday Times*, *Musical World*, and other periodicals. For some years past he has suffered in health, and last year he was compelled to undertake a sailing voyage to Australia and back, in the hope of saving his life. Mr. Ryan's amiability and wit rendered him most popular among his confrères.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—It is almost hopeless to keep pace with the numerous concerts now being given, and we will, therefore, refer only to a few of the more important of them. At the Popular Concerts Brahms' "Gipsy Songs" were repeated on Saturday, but both then, and on Monday, Lady Halle was unfortunately ill, and was replaced by Mr. Straus. On Monday the chief item of the programme was Mozart's once-favourite clarinet quintet, in which the clarinet part was played by Mr. Lazarus, a veteran of well-nigh seventy-four.—The Heckmann quartet-party have given the first concert of their new season, the best rendered item of their programme being Schumann's string quartet in A.—Madame Essipoff has given two recitals, and on Saturday she also appeared at the Crystal Palace concert, where she played Schumann's pianoforte concerto.—The usual St. Andrew's Night Scottish concerts were given at the Albert Hall, where Mr. Sims Reeves appeared, and at St. James's Hall, where the Glasgow Select Choir sang no fewer than sixteen of their national choruses.—At his London Symphony Concerts on Tuesday Mr. Henschel conducted a capital performance of Mendelssohn's *Italian* symphony, and Liszt's *Orpheus*, one of the least familiar of the "Symphonic Poems," was likewise revived.—On Wednesday evening another Ballad Concert was given, when Mr. Sims Reeves appeared and sang (being each time encored) "Come into the Garden Maud" and "The Macgregor's Gathering." The two new songs, Mr. Maybrick's "Silent Highway," sung by Miss Eleanor Rees, and Mr. Marzials' "By the Shining River," sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling, were both likewise repeated.—On Wednesday night also the Westminster Orchestral Society gave an interesting concert of English music, including Professor Stanford's Prelude to *Edipus Rex*, Mr. Prout's "Birmingham" symphony, Mr. Wingham's concert *Capriccio* (played by Miss Kuhé), Mr. Barnett's "Pastoral" suite, and other works. Except for the distressing intonation of the strings of the amateur band, the performance was a very fair one.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti gave her last representation of Juliet in Paris on Friday of this week, and will reappear at the Albert Hall on Tuesday.—It is again reported that Boito is about to finish his new opera *Nero*, which he began and laid aside quite ten years since.—Madame Nordica has now returned from the United States to fulfil her concert engagements in this country.—Thanks to Mrs. Shaw, professional whistling is now a fashionable accomplishment. At a recent concert at the Putney Assembly Rooms, Mr. Charles Capper gave a charming rendering of "The Harmonious Blacksmith."



THEATRES

MR. GILBERT'S new romantic play, *Brantham Hall*, at the ST. JAMES'S presents some passages that are worthy of the author—notably those between the lovers, represented by Miss Norreys and Mr. Duncan Fleet, which greatly amused the first-night audience. Incidental merits of this kind, however, cannot prevail against the false sentiment which infects the main current of the story. The spectators cannot bring themselves to believe that a young, beautiful, and blameless widow would falsely proclaim herself a forger, a cheat, and a cast-off mistress for the mere sake of forcing a sum of money upon a father-in-law who has rejected her generous offers of assistance with scorn; nor can they be made to feel that there is anything to admire in this elaborate series of falsehoods. The piece was further unfortunate in the representative of the heroine, for Miss Julia Neilson brings to her part little but an expressive countenance and a commanding figure. Her acting is at present crude in the extreme. Mr. Lewis Waller, on the other hand, created a very favourable impression in the part of the villain of the piece, who is artistically differentiated, as the philosophers say, from the ordinary type of stage villains. Other parts were adequately filled by Mr. William Herbert, Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Nutcombe Gould, Mr. Norman Forbes, and Mrs. Gaston Murray.

The projected series of weekly *matinées* at the HAYMARKET commenced on Wednesday with a representation of *Masks and Faces*, in which Mrs. Bernard Beere repeated her now widely-known and admired impersonation of Peg Woffington, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree appeared for the first time as Triplet. Mr. Tree's impersonation of the persecuted poet is pathetic, but is too uniformly slow and mournful. Mrs. Tree played Mistress Vane with a very fresh and pleasing tenderness, and Mr. Brookfield gave some proof of his versatility in the part of Sir Charles Pomander. The performance was well received by a large audience.

It appears that the period of Mr. Wilson Barrett's return to the PRINCESS'S is somewhat uncertain, as it will depend on the length of run of *Hands Across the Sea*. It will extend to twelve weeks by arrangement with Miss Hawthorne.

Mrs. S. Lane announces her benefit at the BRITANNIA on Monday next. The programme includes the musical sketch, *The Devil Bird*, followed by *The Stolen Jewess* (with the *benificiaire* as the heroine), and the ever-popular *Britannia Festival*; concluding with *The Red Robbers of Jersey*.



RURAL NOTES

THE SEASON.—November was a windy and, for dwellers in exposed situations, a boisterous month. Snow in the north, hail and rain in the south fell at frequent intervals, yet on the whole the temperature was high, and the weather open. The completion of wheat-sowing was not materially hindered in the principal wheat-growing districts, where it is understood that a larger increase than usual has been placed under the leading cereal. In the West, and on very heavy land, wheat has not yet been largely sown, and it depends a good deal on the character of December if it now will be. Speaking of the kingdom as a whole, the land turned up well after harvest, and the depressed state of the labour market enabled farmers to employ hands with freedom. We understand, too, that steam cultivators and various agricultural implements have been on hire this autumn on lower terms than were exacted last year, and that as a consequence they have been more extensively employed. The early-sown wheat was mostly well planted, and has rooted well. It looks delightfully fresh and green, the colour being particularly healthy, and the growth regular.

WINTER AND SPRING WHEAT.—In the United States the proportion of winter to spring wheat sowing used to be represented very simply by figures 2 : 1, but the latter have gradually gained ground until the ratio is now 5 : 3. In England the winter wheat still holds an enormous preponderance, but as excellent a judge as Mr. H. Evershed, of the *Field*, is of opinion that this dependence on autumn sowings is excessive. There seems to be in specific a botanical difference between spring and autumn wheat. The rapid ripening of spring wheat is an acquired habit, and is not fixed, so that a so-called spring variety of wheat, if it be found hardy enough to stand a cold winter, and is sown in autumn for several successive seasons, becomes a variety of autumn wheat, and loses its former character. So little spring wheat is sown in England, that farmers wishing to try it hardly know what to buy. Nursery wheat is the favourite, but Mr. Evershed does not think it is the best obtainable, and he throws out a useful hint when he says that the best would probably be some selected autumn wheat sown by a farmer in the spring for some successive years, and thereby "created" as a spring variety. Seeds from monster ears are not to be trusted, stamina being generally deficient. The quality of spring wheat hitherto grown in England has been decidedly inferior, and millers do not like the samples.

CORN AVERAGES continue to engross the attention of a Parliamentary Committee. Last week evidence was received from a large miller at St. Asaph, who thought Welsh averages as returned quite deceptive. He favoured the striking of county averages, which is the Scotch system. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners on the other hand do not favour this plan, but are ready to accept a three years' average instead of a seven years' mean, for tithes. Mr. Stratton, one of the largest farmers in South-West England, and a member of the Royal Commission on Agriculture, was strongly of opinion that returns should be made by the farmers of their threshings, and not by buyers of their purchases. He doubted the value of dealers' returns, but did not think a remedy could be found in adding to the list of one hundred and eighty-seven Statute markets.

SCOTLAND.—The rainfall in the North has been very heavy during the past fortnight, and farmers have had to suspend almost every class of work. Live stock, however, continue to do well, and the steady diminution of pleuro-pneumonia is a very gratifying sign. Prices are well kept up, both store and fat stock meeting a ready sale at remunerative prices. Sheep in many districts are really dear, and are not cheap even at the biggest markets. Wool remains steady, and the owners of big flocks are finding their position lucrative. Cereal farmers, on the other hand, are in a bad way, wheat and barley being of miserable average quality, and consequently selling badly, while oats, previously cheap, have lost quite a shilling per quarter during the month.

IRELAND.—We are glad to learn that horse-breeding is steadily on the increase. The climate is well suited to the rearing of stock, and the greater attention given to the stud is a good sign. It is, however, but a small thing to set against a heavy falling-off in cattle. The diminution of pigs in Ireland at the same time that in

England the number is largely on the increase is far from being satisfactory, in fact it may be taken to indicate increased poverty on the part of the very poor, and the loss in many cases of their last small portion of agricultural wealth. The good yield of potatoes and the mild season save Ireland at present from acute distress, but it is useless shutting our eyes to the fact that the agriculture of the island is going down hill, especially in the West and South.



MR. JUSTICE WILLS has been appointed President of the newly-constituted Railway Commission.

THE PARNELLISM AND CRIME COMMISSION.—Some of the most important evidence that has yet been given was that of Thomas O'Connor, of Castleisland, who was examined on Tuesday this week. He was a member not only of the local branch of the Land League, but of "the Boys" who formed its "inner circle," and was frequently associated with them in their terrorizing expeditions. He deposed to having been brought into direct communication with Mr. T. Harrington, the Secretary of the National League, when the latter, in 1881, visited the district to promote the candidature of a Leaguer, whom he wished to be returned as a Poor Law Guardian. According to O'Connor, Mr. Harrington asked him and two other "boys" to go round among the farmers who were thought to be disinclined to vote for his candidate, and to quote the witness's own words, "to get them to sign the votes," i.e., the voting-papers "in favour of that candidate—if possible, and not to spare them, not to kill them, not to hurt them too much." On Wednesday, proof was given of the delivery of speeches by Dr. Tanner, M.P., denouncing, in violent language, not all of which would bear quotation, Jeremiah Hegarty, an unfortunate tradesman in Millstreet, County Cork. In one speech, after reviling landlords, Dr. Tanner said that his knowledge as a doctor told him that when inflammation had set in it must be brought to a point, whether the lancet used was a rifle or a sabre. After next week the Commission will not sit again until the new year.

MR. GENT-DAVIS, M.P., the legal proceedings in regard to whom were reported in this column last week, is now in Wandsworth Gaol, where he is being treated as a first-class misdemeanant. Mr. Justice North refused an application to delay his imprisonment, which was made on the ground that the sum due by him had been paid into Court.

A SECTION OF THE MAPLIN SANDS is in the occupation, under lease, of the War Office, and is used for the Shoeburyness artillery range. An adjoining section of the foreshore is claimed by the Crown as public property for the same purpose, but a counter-claim has been set up by the owners of the manor, who assert a right to prevent the representatives of the Crown from shooting over it. This bestows public importance on the long and costly litigation on the subject which has been going on since 1880. Some of the documentary evidence adduced went back to the time of the Domesday Survey. In an elaborate judgment, after a six days' trial in 1887, the Divisional Court decided on the whole in favour of the Crown. The Court of Appeal have now given a decision in favour of the owners of the manor, and consequently against the Crown and the public.

A BOY OF NINE, whose deceased father had been a Roman Catholic, was admitted into a Protestant Refuge for Children, the Principal of which understood that his mother was a Protestant. She has denied this, and affirming that she is a Roman Catholic, asked for the custody of her child, in order that he may be placed in a Roman Catholic institution of the same kind. The application was opposed on the ground that the mother had represented herself to be a Protestant, that the boy having been more than a year in an institution which she knew was a Protestant one, her right to remove him was barred, and that the removal was asked for not at her own instance, but at that of others, presumably benevolent Roman Catholics, she being extremely poor. Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Manisty at once gave judgment for the mother.

THE DUTIES OF A CORONER bringing him into frequent contact with destitution and distress, the Coroner for Mid-Surrey has placed a poor-box in his Court, Church Row, Battersea.



I.

To the *Nineteenth Century* for December, Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P., contributes the opening article on "The Presidential Election in the United States," in which he places the issues between the contending parties clearly before the reader. It is consoling to learn in view of our oft-asserted unpreparedness for war that the writer feels certain that, "should unjust foreign aggression ever endanger the United Kingdom, there would be an irresistible demonstration in America to give us both moral and physical support in any emergency." It is their love for England that makes them sensitive to English opinion, though unhappily it is "not irreconcilable with the circumstance that, during a Presidential election, politicians truckle to the hostile feelings of Irish voters, who cherish their hatred of England even to the third and fourth generation." Sir Lyon Playfair's article is informed by that cheerful optimism, which is the salt of the genuine Gladstonian faith. —After the optimist we have the pessimist in Mr. Frederick Greenwood, on "The Recent Change in European Affairs." He gives his reasons for thinking the outlook abroad worse than it has been for some time past, and prominent among them is the young German Emperor's self-revelation.—In keeping with two papers, the one of hopeful, the other of doleful prophecy, is the title, "What St. John Saw at Patmos," which is the name given by Mr. Theodore Bent to an exegetical and topographical essay on the last book of the Bible. So many people have been, and are, curious about the identity of "The Beast," that the strong arguments for believing it to be an island, or rather two islands, adduced by Mr. Bent, are worth considering.

In the *Fortnightly*, General Viscount Wolseley treats of a subject with which his long and varied experience of inferior races qualifies him to deal, "The Negro as a Soldier." Discipline and fanaticism are, according to our Adjutant-General, the two forces which transform the else cowardly black man into a brave and formidable foe. He draws his examples from Zulus, Ashantis, Fantis, Soudanese, and Swazis, and, as there is much personal reminiscence, the paper is capital reading.—"A Patriarch's Thoughts about French Women," is by M. Jules Simon, of the French Academy, who says of any one who traduces his countrywomen, and of whom the question of French feminine morality generally is—"It is merely a pleasant hypothesis propounded in jest to display the speaker's art, while he forgets that a nation is a family, and is obliged by duty and by interest to defend the honour of its women. Ours are worthy creatures, devoted to their duties, their

family, and their country, and merit the respect which we pay to them. I do not deny that we have scandals, as the rest of the world has; but that they are rare may be inferred from the commotion which they cause. France is the one country in the world where it is most difficult to conceal a false step. Now and again a sore is opened. Granted, but I am not speaking about a few thousand madcaps; I am speaking of eighteen millions of virtuous French women." It could only be by the de-Christianising of women that the great mass of the French nation would cease to be what it is, "religious as well as virtuous." All this will strike many folk as new, and some as true.—Mr. Walter Pater writes on "Style," Mr. Stephen Wheeler on "The Black Mountain Campaign," and Mr. J. D. Bouchier on "The Fate of Roumania;" while Professor Tyndall treats of technical and personal matters in "A Story of the Light-houses."

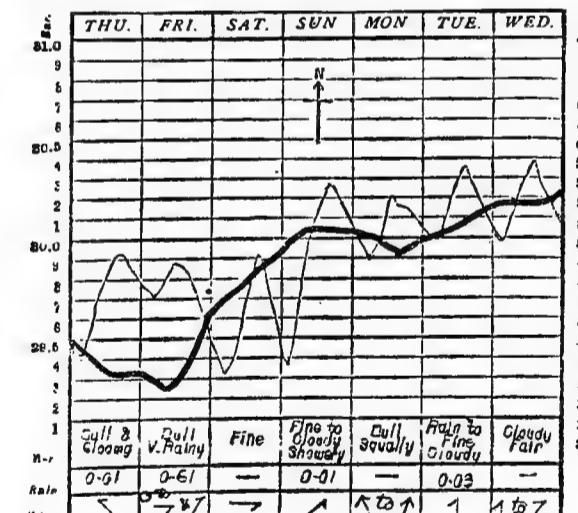
There is much impassioned eloquence in "An Appeal to Liberal Unionists," by Mr. Frederic Harrison, which opens the *Contemporary*. It is a very able putting of the more reasoned sentimentality of the English Home Ruler, a fine specimen of *ex parte* rhetoric, but it leaves out of account the solid ground of prudence on which the Unionist policy is based. Mr. Gladstone in Mr. Harrison's view never showed such a spirit of moral grandeur and self-sacrifice as he does now; as the ex-Premier impresses Unionists so differently it is to be supposed that the "Appeal" will miss its mark.—Archdeacon Farrar is anxious for "The Future of Westminster Abbey," and descants on the uniqueness of its glorious memories.—The Duke of Argyll treats of "The Identity of Thought and Language;" while Dr. R. W. Dale continues his pleasant "Impressions of Australia."

Under the general heading "The Social Problem" three papers are contributed to the *National Review*. The first of the three, "East London and Crime," by Mrs. S. A. Barnett, seems to show that the district referred to is under-policed. There are not enough constables there, this lady maintains, and they have in consequence concentrated their efforts on keeping the main thoroughfares quiet and respectable, allowing the quarters occupied by the very poor or the criminals to be neglected, till the inhabitants see nothing strange or wrong in fights and disturbances or calls for help, which in other quarters would be intolerable. "Things would be better," says Mrs. Barnett, "if a greater force could be provided especially for the criminal quarters, care being taken to place those men there who by character or social position were in less danger of contamination, or under less temptation to accept bribes." There is in the *Review* also a charming sonnet, "A Wintry Picture," by Mr. Alfred Austin, beginning :

Now when the bare sky spans the landscape bare,
Up long brown fallows creeps the slow brown team,
Scattering the seed-corn that must sleep and dream,
Till by Spring's carillon awakened there.

The *Universal Review* opens with "The Progress of Woman." Under this heading Mrs. Henry Fawcett writes, "In Political Education," Lucas Malet, "In Literature," Miss A. J. Clough "In Scholarship," and Mrs. Scherlieb, M.B., "In Science and Medicine." All these essays are worth reading; but perhaps the palm for interest must be given to that by Lucas Malet, who deals with the literary performances of those she calls the Amazons.—Mr. Edward Garnett is warmly appreciative of "Richard Jefferies;" while on that bone of contention just now, "Competitive Examination," we have papers from the pens of the editor, of Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Walter Wren, and Professor Ray Lankester.

Temple Bar is very bright and readable this month. There is a well-written paper on "William Whewell, D.D." His personal appearance supplies the theme of one story. Two stablemen were loitering outside the Athenaeum Club one day as the Master came riding down Trinity Street. "Who's that?" said one to the other. "Why, the Master of Trinity," replied the other. "Don't you know him? He have got a head like a hoss!"—Mr. Charles Hervey has an interesting account of "A Reception at Alfred de Vigny's."—The new serial, "A Chronicle of Two Months," opens well.

WEATHER CHART
FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1888.

EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (5th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has again been unsettled, rainy, and very mild generally, but the winds, taken as a whole, have been less boisterous than of late. At the beginning of the time pressure was highest to the Eastward of our Islands, while a small depression which was shown off the South of Ireland, and another off the Bay of Biscay on the morning of Thursday (29th ult.), moved North-Westwards to the Atlantic, and North-Eastwards to the North Sea respectively in the course of the ensuing twenty-four hours. The first of these disturbances caused strong Easterly to South-East Easterly winds or gales over the Welsh or Irish Coasts, with heavy rain in places, and dull equally weather, while the more Southern depression, which was less deep, brought moderate to fresh Westerly breezes, and changeable showery weather to the stations over the South of England generally. On Saturday (1st inst.) the highest pressures were still lying over the Gulf of Bothnia, but these quickly gave way, and another anticyclone which appeared over the North of Spain at first, soon spread North-Eastwards, and remained in the neighbourhood of France and Germany throughout the rest of the week. Meanwhile depressions had advanced from the West to our North-West Coasts, and travelled away in a Northerly course, and thus South-Westerly (South to West) winds again became established over the country generally, and after blowing moderately for a time, strengthened to the strength of a gale at several stations as well as elsewhere by the morning of Monday (3rd inst.). The weather during this time continued rainy and dull in most places, but the effect of a few bright intervals which occurred, together with the extremely mild air, was almost spring-like. Thunderstorms occurred over the South of England at the commencement of the period, while a little snow and frost were reported from some of the Scotch Stations about the same time. Taken as a whole rainfall was in excess of the normal amount, and temperature has ruled decidedly above the average.

The barometer was highest (30.10 inches) on Wednesday (5th inst.); lowest (29.24 inches) on Friday (3rd ult.); range 0.95 inch.

The temperature was highest (58°) on Wednesday (5th inst.); lowest (36°) on Saturday (1st inst.); range 22°.

Rain fell on four days. The total fall 0.66 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.61 inch on Friday (2nd ult.).



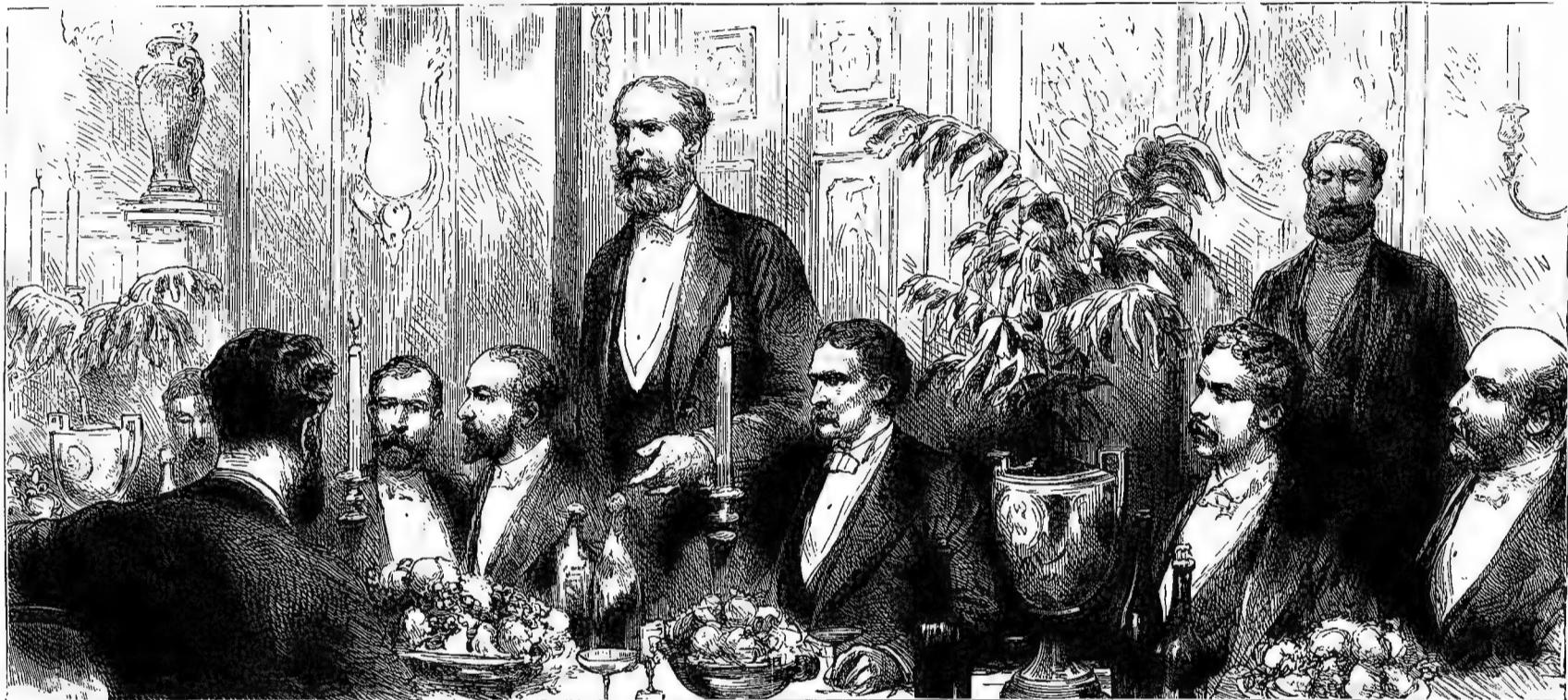
GENERAL G. N. CHANNER, V.C.
Commanding First Brigade of the Black Mountain Expedition



MR. JAMES MONRO, C.B.
New Chief Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis



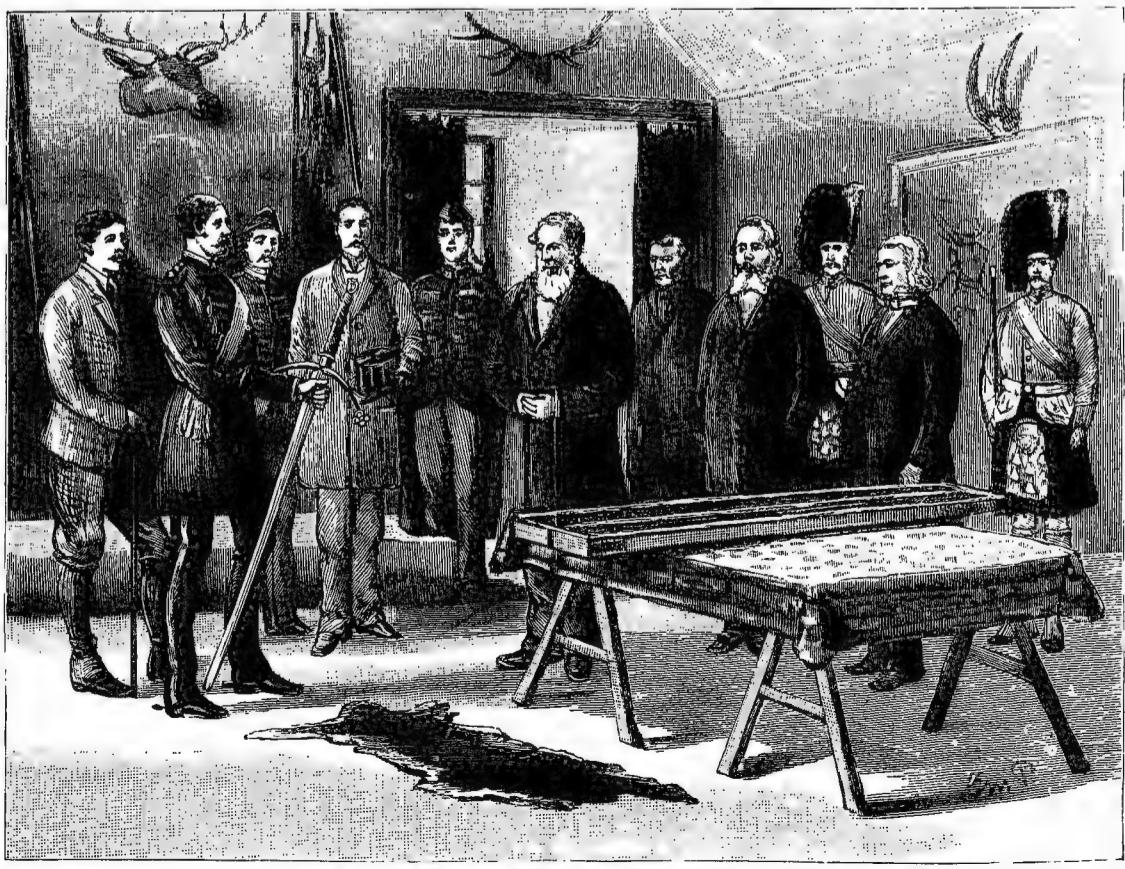
MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN
(née Mary Endicott, daughter of the United States Secretary of War)



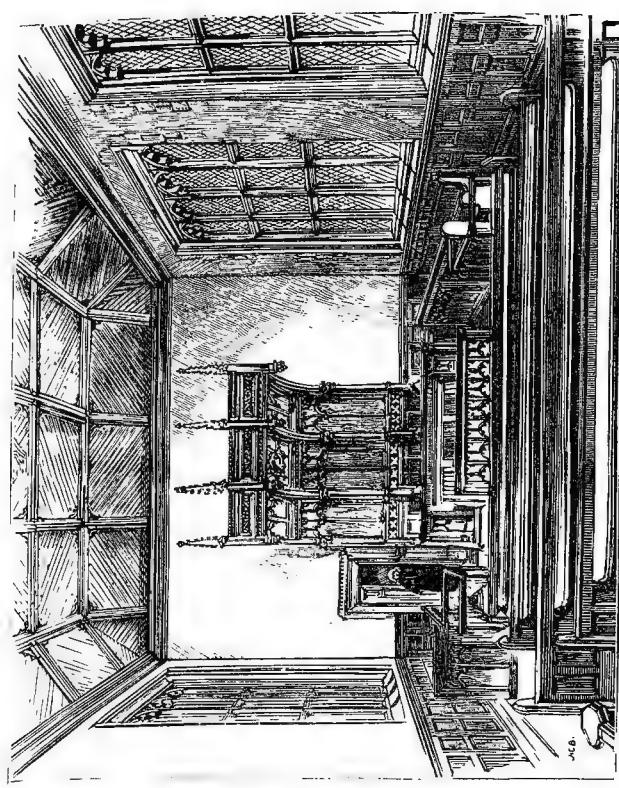
"THE FEAST OF ST. LUBBOCK"
BANQUET GIVEN TO SIR JOHN LUBBOCK BY A COMMITTEE OF TRADERS



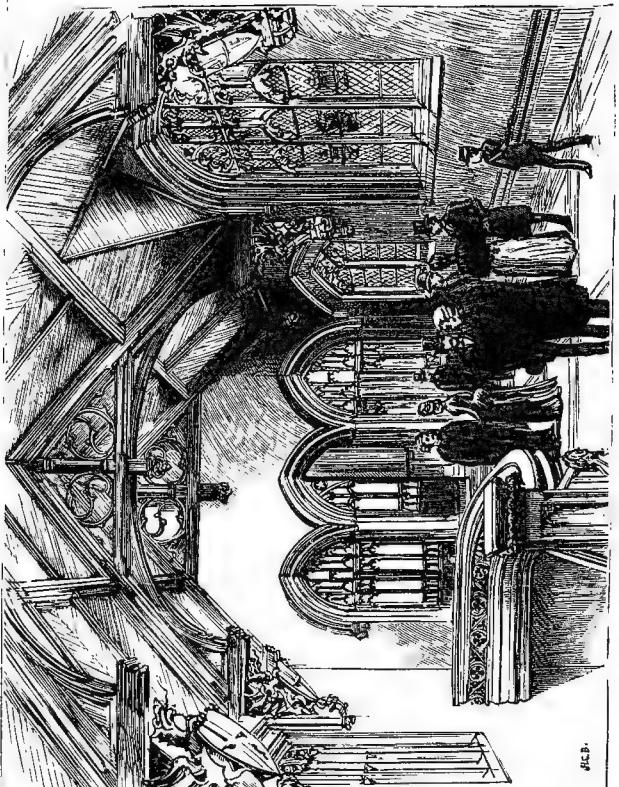
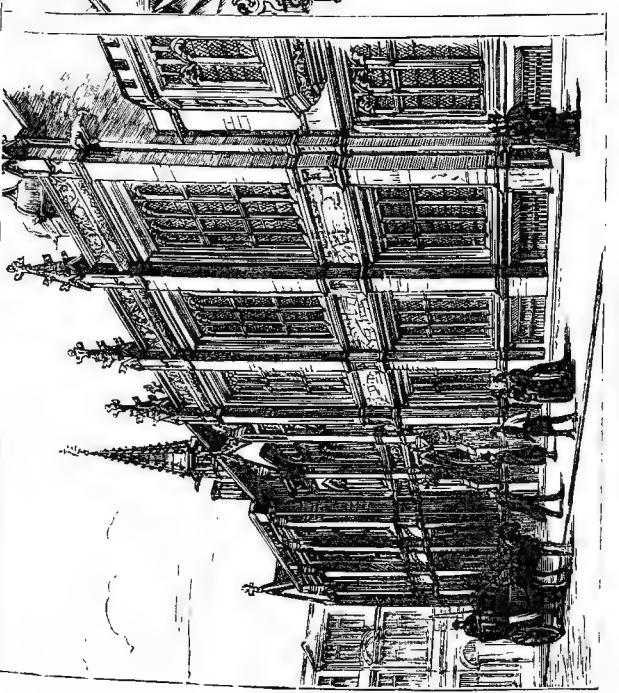
NEW BUST OF THE LATE SIR GEORGE JESSEL,
MASTER OF THE ROLLS
Recently unveiled in the Royal Courts of Justice



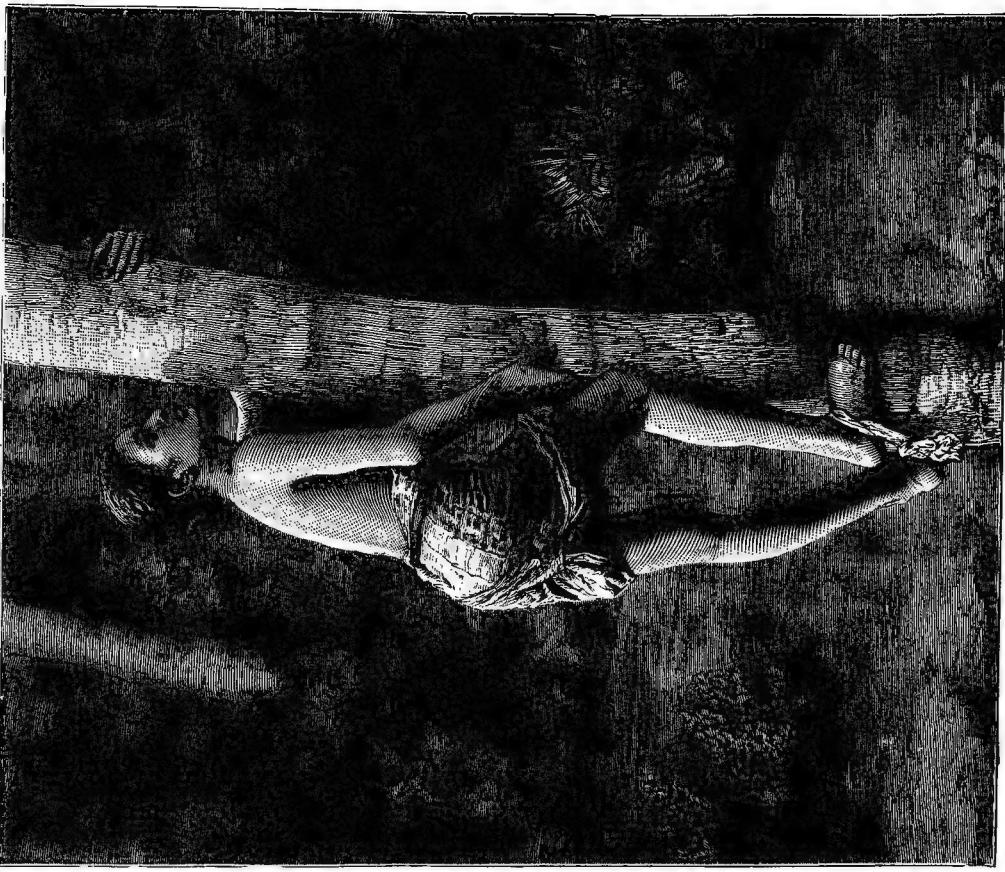
TRANSFERENCE OF THE WALLACE SWORD FROM DUMBARTON CASTLE TO STIRLING
Colonel Nightingale, representing the War Office, handing over the Sword to Dr. Rogers, at Stirling Castle



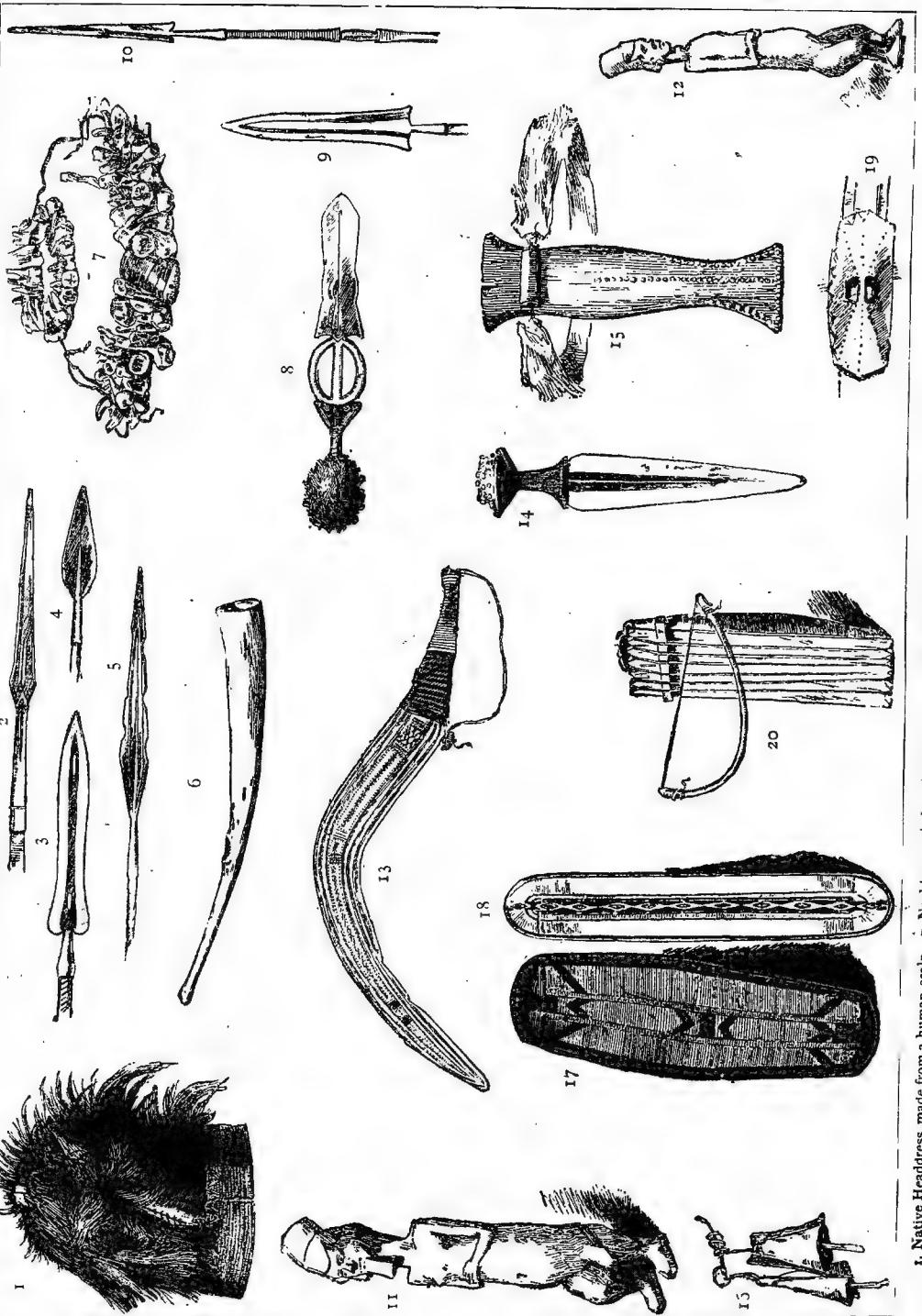
THE JUDGES' COURT

THE NEW CITY OF LONDON COURTS OF JUSTICE
OPENED BY THE LORD MAYOR ON DECEMBER 6

THE EXTERIOR



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3. Elephant's Tusk used as a war-horn 9 and 10. Spear-heads 11 and 12. Fishes carved out of wood 17. Back, or handle of shield
4. 5. 6. 11 and 12. Fishes carved out of wood 18. 19. 20. A Musical Instrument

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

V.

AUSTRALIA is one of the chief happy hunting-grounds in boys' books this winter. Now Dr. Gordon Stables depicts bush-life in exciting fashion, showing how another of his usual jolly Scotch lads turned "From Squire to Squatter" (Shaw), and won love and fortune at the Antipodes, after some tough tussles with the natives. —The latter, however, were preferable opponents to the rascally pirates whom Mr. H. Frith chases among the Malays in "The Hunting of the *Hydra*" (Routledge). Brimful of hardy exploits and hairbreadth escapes, this story is all the better for the grain of fact amid its bushel of sensations.—In a second narrative of ocean dangers, Mr. Frith ships his hero aboard a Yarmouth trawler, "The Saucy *May*" (Blackie), to afford an excuse for a realistic description of rough smack-life in the North Sea, and of the rascally Dutch "copers"—now happily well-nigh extinct.—If not yet tired of seafaring, the boys may fight West Indian pirates and the French in the last century with "Jack Locke" (Warne) according to Dr. Gordon Stables, and may meet much the same foes in the present day in "The Adventures of a Midshipmite" (Hatchards), wherein Mr. Arthur Lee Knight combines the fiction of a modern Anglo-French War with dhow-chasing on the African coast, rescues from drowning, and fighting *ad lib.* in a highly vivacious story. Or they can admire the industry of the seventeenth century shipwright Phips, "The Treasure-Finder" (Warne), who re-claimed a rich Spanish silver cargo from ocean depths off the Bahamas. As in his recent tale of Australian colonisation,

Mr. W. J. Gordon again treads historic ground, and uses his materials skilfully.—Like these adventurous heroes, "Ewin Lloyd" (Wells Gardner) found plenty of fighting during his rise in life, though of more prosaic sort, in the streets of a British commercial city. His good example of hard work crowned with success is neatly related by Miss Elinor Kelly, whose book would suit a school library.—Yet another pleasant boyish model appears in "Filled With Gold" (Blackie), where Mrs. Perrett sketches the reform of a crusty miser by his young nephew, without making the juvenile reformer a prig.—Nor is there anything priggish about the frank schoolboy who last year published his diary as "Acting On the Square," and now brings out a fresh leaf in "Up to the Mark," by H. Boultwood (Shaw). Altogether a *naïve* and honest record of boyish pranks and everyday trials.

Several other volumes from Messrs. Shaw are intended for the girls, like "Out In the '45," where Miss Emily Holt enlists her readers' sympathies on the Jacobite side. Miss Holt is always at home in the olden times, and describes very charming damsels, but she is rather prosy in the present work.—The sober and the flighty sisters of "The Earls of the Village" are well contrasted by Miss Giberne in a rustic narrative full of wholesome lessons; while the only objection to be found with "Alma Ryan" is that the heroine is so oppressively good. Otherwise Miss Mason's picture of the lonely child amid unsympathetic relatives is prettily drawn. Possibly, however, girls will prefer simple Marjorie, who won the hearts of a host of cousins at "Hillside Farm," as M. L. Ridley tells in very bright style, or honest Grace of Miss Selby's tale, who was ever "On Duty" (Warne), to maintain her heritage of obedience as a soldier's daughter. These are both nice reason-

able heroines worth copying. A further pair of large-family chronicles are also pleasant reading for younger sisters. Heartily amusing are the boys and girls who are "Put to the Test" (Routledge) of good behaviour when staying in a remote Highland isle, and Mrs. Adams-Acton relates their experiences with considerable humour.—Mrs. H. Childe-Pemberton is equally happy with her materials in "Birdie" (Griffith and Farran), a really charming tale of child-life, with a pathetic touch, prettily illustrated by H. Rainey.—Returning to the elders, many a schoolgirl will acknowledge the truth of the rivalry turned into sound friendship which Mrs. Seymour describes in "Competitors" (Griffith and Farran). This is a good, sensible story, practical, while interesting.—More romance envelops the career of "A Fair Emigrant" (Kegan Paul), where Miss Rosa Mulholland again takes us to Ireland, to watch how a devoted daughter cleared her father's name from dishonour. Miss Mulholland portrays Irish life and character in very sympathetic vein, and her love-story is well carried out.—Yet another love-story is of completely different type, though as good in its way. "Flag on the Mill," by Mary Sleight (Funk and Wagnalls, New York), is a thoroughly characteristic American tale, with its pictures of the little Long Island shipping-town, and the quaint local worthies centring round the noble, self-sacrificing heroine.—Back to the Old Country again for a collection of short sketches of quiet everyday life in a provincial town, "Sunshine and Shadow" (Skeffington). These are decidedly out of the usual track followed by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, and do not show the author at his best.—The same verdict applies to another well-known writer, Miss Florence Montgomery, whose episode of filial ingratitude, "The Fisherman's Daughter" (Hatchards), is undeniably dull.

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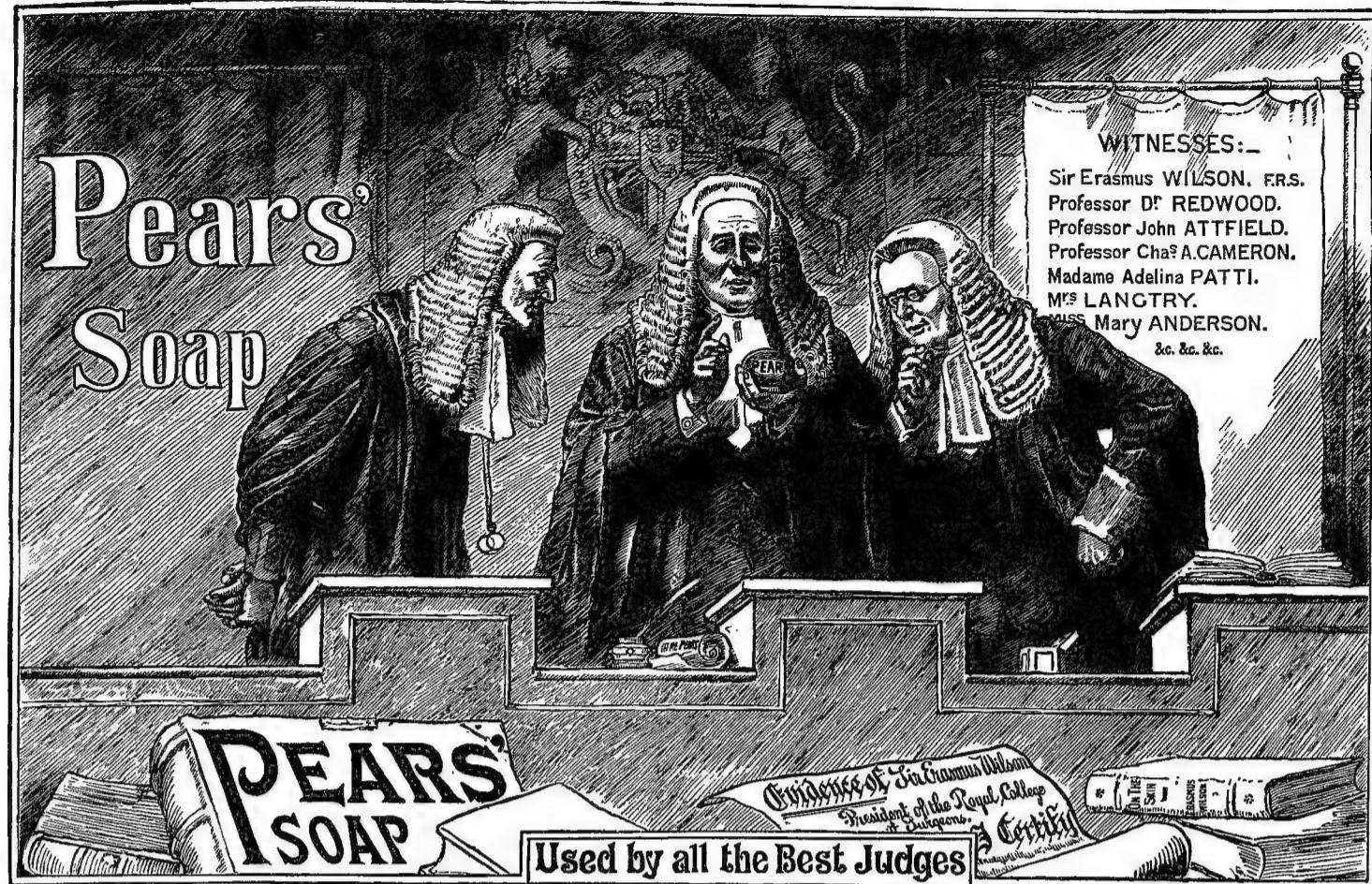
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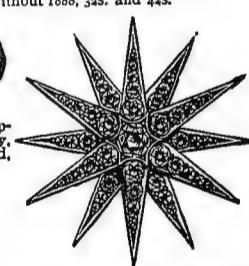
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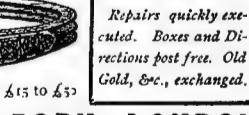
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DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

May was in a dead swoon as the train moved slowly into the station at Wendhurst Junction.

THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,
AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

WHEN May went up to her room, she neglected her aunt's advice as to the rose-water. She sat down beside the fire, and tried to think of what she had best do.

Help from her aunt was clearly not to be hoped for. She did not feel anger against Aunt Pauline at that moment. She had felt it some time before, but not now. Would it not be like feeling angry with a Chinese for not comprehending English? They simply did not understand one another. There was a barrier between their minds—at least, on the one subject which May had at heart—which, as it seemed, neither of them could pass or penetrate.

She would go to Granny! There she would find love and sympathy, and the sheltering mother-wings she yearned for. And, at the bottom of her heart, there was the half-unconscious feeling that Granny would be a staunch partisan of Owen's, and would be able to justify her trust in him.

But then Aunt Pauline had refused to let her go, and had said she might write. Write! and lose time, and probably fail to convince Granny of the sick longing, the positive *need* she felt to get away from London. There would be correspondence and discussion, and then her uncle would come back, and there would be more discussion, and she could not see Owen. If she wrote to him and he came, he would not be admitted to the house; and she could not go to him.

Well, then, she would run away! There was nothing for it but to run away to Granny, and she made up her mind to do so. Nothing should prevent her. Nothing? She started up and took her purse out of a drawer. She was but slenderly provided with pocket-money, the bulk of her allowance from Mrs. Dobbs being administered by Aunt Pauline. She counted out the contents of the little smart *porte-monnaie* with deep anxiety. There was half-a-sovereign and some silver. Only fifteen shillings! That would not suffice to carry her to Oldchester—and then she must have a cab. She could not find her way to the station on foot: and, besides, it would take such a long time! How much time she did not know exactly; but she remembered that it had seemed a rather long drive from the terminus to Kensington. And even if she could walk the distance, she would not know at what hour to set out in order to catch the express train, which would bring her into Oldchester a little after five o'clock that evening.

A little thrill ran through her veins as she pictured herself arriving at Jessamine Cottage in one of the station fays, looking from the vehicle at the cheerful firelight which would surely be shining from the parlour window at that hour. And then Martha would come to the door, and not recognise her at first in the darkness; and Granny would cry out in surprise at the sound of her voice; and then there would be the dear motherly arms round her, the dear motherly breast to lay her troubled head upon, the blessed sense of rest, and trust, and comfort!

Feverishly May counted and re-counted her money. The fifteen shillings remained inexorably fifteen, and no more. All sorts of schemes passed through her mind. Cécile might perhaps lend her some money—or Smithson! But to ask for a loan from either of them would excite too much wonder and suspicion; it would at once be reported to her aunt.

Suddenly there darted into her mind the recollection that Harold had some money. Uncle Frederick had given the child half-a-sovereign on his birthday, a day or two ago. That was an inspiration! She would ask Harold to lend her the money, and to keep the secret until she should be gone. She knew that she could trust him; the child was staunch, and would be proud of being confided in. Poor little Harold! She remembered that it was he who had told her of Owen's presence in the house on that day—when was it? *Yesterday?* Impossible! It was weeks—months ago, surely! A large part of her life seemed to have passed since then.

May lay down to rest, tired out with the various emotions of the day, but with her brain so beleaguered by shifting thoughts and images that she was certain she should not be able to sleep. But she might at least rest her body, which felt bruised and weary, as though she had been walking with a heavy burthen all day long. She dropped off to sleep, nevertheless, almost immediately, but soon awoke again with a start and a sensation of falling swiftly, and a vague terror. But at length, towards morning, she did sleep continuously and heavily; and when she next awoke, her watch, and a

dull yellowish glimmer through the window-blind, told her it was day.

It was a dismal London morning, wet and cold. The wind was howling among the chimney-pots, and sending down showers of soot and smoke, mingled with sleet. It was the day appointed for the funeral of Lucius Cheffington. Mr. Dormer-Smith was not expected home that night; the trains did not fit conveniently. It had therefore been arranged that he should stay at Combe Park until the following morning. Her uncle's absence made her opportunity, May thought. The train she wished to travel by started from London, she believed, at about two o'clock; but she resolved to be at the terminus much earlier. The departure might be at some minutes before two; it would be too dreadful to miss the train! She felt an irrational hurry and eagerness to be gone, as if each minute's delay might be fatal. She knew the feeling was groundless, but it mastered her.

Preparations she had none to make, except clothing herself in a warm gown, and putting a few toilet necessaries into a little handbag. Mrs. Dormer-Smith always breakfasted late, and, during the cold weather, in her own room; and May shared the morning meal with her uncle. To-day, at her request, Harold and Wilfred were allowed to come downstairs and breakfast with her. This arrangement suited Cecile, who much preferred breakfasting with Smithson in the housekeeper's room to cutting bread-and-butter and pouring out milk-and-water in the nursery.

As soon as the meal was over, May asked Harold for the loan of his golden half-sovereign. His first reply was a severe blow. "You mean that yellow sixpence papa gave me? I haven't got it, Cousin May."

May felt as though the child had struck her. But the next moment he added, "Papa put it into that little box with a slit in it. You can't get it out. Nobody can get it out. It belongs to me, you know; only I can't buy anything with it. Papa says it's proper—property."

May coaxed him to bring the box to her room, and found that it was closed by a little cheap lock, which it would be perfectly easy to force open. When she proposed this strong measure to Harold, he demurred at first; but finally yielded, on his cousin's saying that she wanted the money very much, and would be unhappy if she could not get it. A glove-box lined with quilted satin was offered him by way of immediate compensation; and he was promised that his yellow sixpence should be repaid with ample interest in the shape of coin which would not share the inconvenient dignity of being "property," but might be freely spent.

May felt as if she were a criminal as she wrenched open the little money-box, and took out the half sovereign, which lay glistening amid a small heap of pennies and sixpences. Harold stood watching her intently. "You do look funny, Cousin May!" he said. "Your cheeks are quite white, and your eyes are queer, and your hind burns. Mine is ever so cold. Feel!" He put his little red, cold hand on May's forehead, and the touch seemed deliciously refreshing to her.

"My head aches a little, Harold. I shall soon be well, though. I am going to see my dear Granny. I have often told you about her. She is so good and kind! She makes people well when they are sick or sorry."

Harold's experience of being made well when he was sick was not of such a nature as to make this praise particularly attractive to him.

"I suppose she gives you powders?" he said, in a disparaging tone.

And then added gloomily, "I wouldn't go to her if I was you."

May kissed him, and assured him that Granny's methods were all pleasant ones.

Wilfred—who had been kept outside the room during the financial transaction, as being too young to be trusted with a secret of such importance—was now admitted in compliance with his reiterated petition; and the two little fellows stood quietly watching their cousin, as, in a hurried, feverish way, she put a few articles into her little bag, and took a fur-lined cloak out of the wardrobe, and laid her hat and gloves ready on the bed.

"I say, Cousin May," said Harold, all at once, "you'll come back again, sha'n't you?"

She looked down at the child's upturned face, with a start. It had not occurred to her before, but the thought now struck her that it was very likely she should never return to that house.

"I will see you again, darlings, if I live," she said, bending down to kiss and embrace the children. Wilfred, always inclined to be tearful, showed symptoms of setting up a sympathetic wail.

But Harold said, with a dogged little setting of the lips, "Well, if you don't come back, I know what I shall do. I've got all those pennies left in the box, and I shall buy a stick and a bundle, and run away, and go along the high road ever so far, till I find you."

"I shall come too," cried Wilfred. "Papa gave me sixpence!"

All three looked, indeed, almost equally childish and innocent. Harold and Wilfred, with their project of running away, derived from a nursery story-book, and May clutching the "yellow sixpence," as a talisman that was to carry her afar from all trouble and persecution!

She did not, of course, mean to leave Aunt Pauline in any anxiety as to what had become of her; but she wanted to get a good start. After some deliberation, she wrote a short note to her aunt, and entrusted it to Harold. His instructions were to keep it until luncheon-time, and then give it to his mother. But, in case he heard them asking for May in the house, and, wondering where she was, he might deliver it sooner. In any case, he must not give it to Cecile or Smithson, but place it in his mother's own hand. This latter was a service which Harold felt to be a severe one. But he undertook it, with a feeling akin to that of a knight doing battle with giants and dragons on behalf of his liege lady. Not that his mother would be harsh or cruel. That was quite out of the question. She would not even scold him much, probably. But she would look at him with that complaining air of disapproval as if he were an unmerited affliction, and call him and his brother "those dreadful little boys," and send him away to the nursery. All which things the child felt keenly in his heart, although he was entirely unable to analyse them in his brain.

May also wrote to Owen, telling him of her departure, and confessing that she had not written to Mr. Bragg.

"What is the use of my remaining in London, when we cannot meet?" she wrote. "We are as far apart, really, as when you were in Spain. I am worn out, dear Owen, and feel that I need Granny's help. Do not be angry with me for taking this step without consulting you. You will know I am safe and well-cared for with Granny, who is your friend, instead of having to fight against the arguments of those who are hostile to you." Then, in a postscript, she added, "Mrs. Simpson came here yesterday. She said she had seen you. You did not send me any message by her. Perhaps you did not know she meant to see me?" This note she put in her pocket to be posted at the station.

It was now past twelve o'clock; for early hours were not kept in the Dormer-Smith household. May's nervous impatience to be gone was no longer to be resisted. She took the children into the little back room where she had been accustomed to give them their lessons, and on her own responsibility gave them a book full of coloured pictures which Cecile never entrusted to their mischievous little fingers without her personal supervision. And this unusual indulgence delighted them and absorbed their attention. Then she stole back to her own chamber, and looked out of the window. The rain was still falling at intervals in driving showers. All the better!

There was the less chance of any one whom she knew in that neighbourhood being abroad to recognise her.

She had told Smithson immediately after breakfast that she was going to her own room, and did not wish to be disturbed until luncheon time. She now put on her hat and gloves, wrapped herself in the warm cloak, and carrying a tiny umbrella, which looked very unequal to offering much resistance to the wind and rain that were now sweeping along the street, she crept downstairs and let herself out at the hall door.

She had to walk some distance before reaching a cabstand, and by the time she did so her feet were wet. She had no boots fitted to keep out mud and damp. Aunt Pauline considered thick boots superfluous in London. In the country, of course, it was quite "the right thing" to tramp about in all weathers, and proper *chaussures* must be provided for the purpose. Although, had it been a dogma laid down by "the best people" that one ought to march barefoot through the mire, Aunt Pauline would have desired May to conform to that as well as to all other sacred ordinances of the social creed.

May was driven to the railway station in due course by a cabman who, on being asked what she had to pay, contented himself with only twice his fare. She found she was much too early for the express train. But there was a slow train going within half-an-hour. It would not reach Oldchester until after the express, although starting before it. But May decided to travel by it. She was frightened at the idea of remaining in the big terminus, where she might be seen and recognised by some passing acquaintance at any moment. And the idea of being actually on the road to Granny, safely shut up in a railway carriage out of reach, was tempting. She took her ticket, the purchase of which reduced her funds to the last shilling, and was put into a carriage by herself—first-class passengers by that train not being numerous.

The girl's head was throbbing, and the damp chill to her feet made her shiver. She leaned back in a corner of the carriage, and closed her eyes. The train trundled along, its progress arrested by frequent stoppages. The dim daylight faded. At wayside stations, the reflections from the lamps shone with a melancholy gleam in inky pools of rain-water. May began to suffer from want of food. She was not hungry; but she felt the need, although not the desire, for some sustenance. At one place where they stopped a quarter of an hour, she thought of getting some tea. But there was a crowd of men in front of a counter where beer and spirits were being sold, but where she saw no tea. And the steam from damp great-coats, mingled with tobacco-smoke and close air, made her feel sick. She tottered back to the carriage, carrying with her a huge fossilised bun, which she tried, not very successfully, to nibble at intervals. And at length she fell into an uneasy doze.

She was awakened by the opening of the carriage-door, and a voice saying, "You'll be all right here, sir." A dark lantern flashed in her eyes. A hat-box and dressing-bag were put into the carriage by an obsequious porter. A gentleman entered and took his seat in the corner farthest away from her. The door was slammed to, and they moved on again.

May put up her hand to her forehead in a dazed manner. She felt confused, and could not, for the moment, understand where she was. Her head ached, and throbbed painfully. Then she recollects it all, and wondered what o'clock it was, and whether they were drawing near Oldchester.

"Can you tell me what station that was?" she asked in a faint voice, of her fellow-traveller. The gentleman turned his head sharply, and peered at her where she sat in the darkness of her corner-seat. He could not distinguish her face; for, before his entrance, she had drawn the moveable shade half-across the lamp in the roof of the carriage. Thinking he had not heard, or had not understood her, she repeated the question. "What is the name of that last station, if you please?"

Upon which the gentleman, instead of making any such reply as might have been expected, exclaimed, "Lord bless my soul!" And, leaving his place at the other extremity of the carriage, he came and seated himself opposite to her. It is Miss Cheffington!" he said, in a tone of the utmost wonder. And then May recognised Mr. Bragg.

"My dear young lady, how came you to be travelling alone—by this train? Is anything the matter?"

His tone was so sincere and earnest, his face and manner so gentle and fatherly, that May at once felt she could trust him fully and fearlessly.

"I am so glad it's you, Mr. Bragg, and not a stranger!" she said, putting her hand out to take his.

"Thank you," said Mr. Bragg, simply; "I'm glad it is me, if I can be of any use to you." Then he asked again, "Is anything the matter?"

"N—no; nothing very serious. I have run away from Aunt Pauline—"

"Run away!"

"And I'm going to Granny. You won't feel it your duty to give me up as a fugitive from justice, will you?" she said, trying to smile, with very tremulous lips.

"Mrs. Dormer-Smith has never been treating you bad or cruel?" said Mr. Bragg, wonderingly. "No, no; she couldn't."

"No, truly, she could not be consciously cruel to me, or to any one. But she has ideas which—she tried to persuade me—. We don't understand one another, that's the truth."

Mr. Bragg all at once remembered a certain private note despatched to his hotel in town by Mrs. Dormer-Smith, wherein she had assured him that May was an inexperienced child, who didn't know her own mind, and begged him not to take her too absolutely at her word. He had never replied to that note, having, indeed, nothing to say which it would be agreeable to his correspondent to hear. But he recalled other instances in which ladies of the highest gentility had hunted him (or, rather, not *him*)—he had no illusions of vanity on that point—but his large fortune) with a ruthless unscrupulousness which had amazed him, and a gallant perseverance in the teeth of discouragement which almost extorted admiration. And the question stole into his mind, Could Mrs. Dormer-Smith have been persecuting May on *his* account? The idea was inexplicably painful to him. But, anyway, he was relieved and thankful to find that the girl did not shrink from him, but was sweet and gracious as ever.

"Well, to be sure," he said in his slow, pondering way, "tis a strange chance that we should meet just now, isn't it? For I've just come from your fam'ly place, you know."

"From where?"

"From the home of your ancestors, as Mr. Theodore Bransby calls it. You asked me the name of that station I got in at. Well, it's Combe St. Mildred's, the station for Combe Park, you know."

"Is it? Then we cannot be far from Oldchester."

"Not very far in miles, but this is an uncommon slow train—stops everywhere. Stops just now at Windhurst Junction; the express runs through. I'm afraid you're very tired, Miss Cheffington." He could not see her at all distinctly, but her voice betrayed great weariness, he thought.

"Not very—yes, rather. It does not matter now; we shall soon be there."

"Yes," went on Mr. Bragg, "I've been attending the funeral."

"Oh, yes. Poor Lucius! I had forgotten that it was for to-day," said May, with a self-reproachful feeling. "He was very kind to me, although, at first, he seemed so dry and eccentric. I think he liked me. I know I liked him."

"Yes; no doubt but what he liked you. That can't be disputed."

And it does him honour, in my opinion. I suppose I ought to congratulate you, Miss Cheffington—although congratulating may seem out of place with a crape band round your hat. And yet I don't know!"

"Congratulate me! Do you mean because my father is the heir? I think there is more sorrow in Lord Castlecombe's heart than there can be satisfaction in any one else's," answered May. She was surprised at this manifestation of coarseness of feeling in Mr. Bragg. It was the first she had ever observed in him.

"Your father? Lord bless me, no! Nothing to do with your father. I was alluding to your cousin's last will and testament. I was present when it was read, by Lord Castlecombe's desire, although having no particular claim that I know of. Still, when we came back from the old churchyard, his lordship invited me into the library, and the will was read out then by Wagget, the lawyer, poor Martin Bransby's successor."

"But what has all that to do with me?" asked May, sitting upright, and holding on by the elbows of the seat. As she did so, everything seemed to waver and swim before her eyes. The cushions on which she sat seemed to be sinking down through the earth. The long fast, the want of sleep on the previous night, the tears she had shed, and all the emotions of this journey, which to her was an adventure fraught with all kinds of anxieties, were telling upon her. But she made a desperate effort to listen—not to be ill, not to give trouble. The train was to stop shortly. She would hold up her courage until then. Had not the gloom caused by the lamp-shade baffled Mr. Bragg's observation, he would have been startled by her countenance.

As it was, he merely answered, "Well, because your cousin has left you all the little property he inherited from his mother. It isn't a great fortune—a matter of four hundred and fifty, or five hundred, pound a-year, as well as I can make out. But it's all in sound investments—mostly Government securities—and it's settled on you, every penny of it."

But May, struggling against a sick sensation of faintness, was scarcely able to grasp the meaning of what was said to her. Her eyes grew dim; she half-rose up from her seat, made a vague movement with her hands, such as one makes in falling and clutching at whatever is nearest, and then sank down in a heap on the floor of the carriage, like a wounded bird. She was in a dead swoon, and her young face looked piteously white and wan under the crude glare of the gas, as the train moved slowly, with much resounding clangour, into the big station at Windhurst Junction.

CHAPTER XLII.

WITH that indescribably dreadful rushing, whirling sensation in the brain, which can never be forgotten by whoever has once experienced it, May Cheffington recovered out of her swoon, and her senses returned to her.

She was lying on a cushioned seat in the ladies' waiting-room at Windhurst Junction. Her dress had been loosened, her own warm cloak had been spread over her as a coverlet, a woollen shawl was thrown across her feet, and an elderly woman was sprinkling water on her forehead. She opened her eyes, and then shut them again lazily. The glare of the gas made her blink, and the sense of rest was, for the moment, all she wanted.

"She'll do now," said the elderly woman, wiping May's wet forehead with a handkerchief. Then she went to the door of the room, and half-opening it, said to some one outside, "Coming round beautiful, sir, she'll be all right now."

"Who's there?" asked May, in a little feeble, drowsy voice.

"Your Pa, dear. He has been in a taking about you. But I'm telling him you're as right as right can be. So you are, ain't you? There's a pretty!"

Every second that passed was bringing more clearness to May's mind, more animation to her frame. By the time the elderly woman had finished speaking, May said, "Oh, ask him to come in. Ask him, pray, to come here and speak to me!"

This message being transmitted, the door was opened, and in walked Mr. Bragg, with a most disturbed and anxious countenance.

May was lying with her head supported on a pillow formed of a great coat hastily rolled up, which the attendant had covered with her own white apron. The pretty soft brown hair, dabbled here and there with water, was hanging in disorder. Her eyes looked very large and bright in her pale face. Mr. Bragg came and stood beside her, and looked at her with a sort of tender, pitying, trepidation—as an amiable giant might contemplate Ariel with a broken wing: longing to help, but fearing to hurt, the delicate creature.

May put out her hand and took hold of Mr. Bragg's as innocently as little Enid might have done so. "Oh, I am so sorry!" she said.

"Yes," returned Mr. Bragg, in a subdued voice. "And I'm sorry, too. But you are feeling better now, ain't you?"

"Oh, but I mean I am sorry for you. Sorry to frighten you and to give you so much trouble."

"Trouble! Well I don't know about that. This good lady here has been taking what trouble there was to take. Not such a vast deal, was it, ma'am?"

The "good lady," who had begun to doubt the correctness of her assumption that these two were father and daughter, smoothed the shawl over May's feet, and murmured that they were not to mention it.

Mr. Bragg pulled out his watch impatiently.

"What! haven't they found anybody yet?" he said. "I sent off a man in a fly ten minutes ago."

The attendant observed apologetically that the first doctor they'd gone to might not have been at home, and then they'd have to go on a goodish fit further.

May started up on her elbow.

"Doctor!" she cried, in dismay. "You haven't sent for a doctor?"

"Yes, I have," answered Mr. Bragg, dismayed in his turn by her evident distress. "I couldn't do less. You might have been dying for anything I knew. You don't know how bad you looked!"

"But I don't want a doctor. I'm quite well. I only want to go on. I want to go on to Granny's."

And May's head fell back on the pillow, while a tear forced its way beneath the closed eyelids.

"You came by the slow down, didn't you? Ah, well, there's no passenger train going on that way before eleven-five to-night," observed the elderly female.

At this intelligence the tears poured down May's cheeks, and she turned away her head on the cushion.

"Don't cry! Don't fret!" exclaimed Mr. Bragg. "You shall be in Oldchester within an hour if the medical man says you're able to travel. I'll speak to the station-master at once. Only we must hear what the doctor says, mustn't we? I durstn't run a risk, now durst I? You see that yourself. You're what you might call laid on my conscience to take care of. Good Lord, will this fool of a fellow never come back? I told him to drive as fast he could pelt."

May was crying now less from vexation than from exhaustion.

"I'm not ill, indeed," she murmured, trying to check her tears.

"But, my dear young lady, people don't faint dead away like that, and look so white and ghastly, without there's something the matter. It wasn't the news I told you upset you like that, surely?"

"No; of course not. I think it was because I—I had had no dinner."

"Lord bless me!" cried Mr. Bragg. "Why, you're starving! That's what it is, then!"

In his anxious solicitude for her Mr. Bragg would have ordered everything eatable to be brought which the refreshment-room afforded. But he yielded to May's entreaty that she might have a spoonful of brandy in the tea, but at this May shook her head. Mr. Bragg, however, thought the suggestion a good one, and producing a small flask from his travelling bag, insisted on pouring a few drops of its contents into the cup of tea.

"That's fine old Cognac," he said; "like a cordial. I wouldn't ask you to swallow the stuff they sell here; but this'll do you nothing but good. Dear me, if I'd only thought of giving you some of this before!"

He was quite self-reproachful, and May had some difficulty in persuading him that no blame could possibly attach to him for not having administered a dose of brandy to her as soon as they met in the railway carriage.

By this time the doctor sent for from Wendhurst had arrived. A brief interview with his patient convinced him that she was perfectly well able to travel on as far as Oldchester.

"Rather delicate nervous organisation, you see," said the doctor to Mr. Bragg, when he left May. "And there has been some mental distress; family trouble, she tells me; and then the long fast, and the journey, quite sufficient to account—oh thanks, thanks. She'll be all right after a good night's rest, I haven't the least doubt." And the doctor withdrew with a bow; for Mr. Bragg, apologising for having disturbed him and brought him so far through the rain, had put a handsome fee into his hand.

Mr. Bragg had also mentioned in the hearing of the waiting-room attendant, who was hovering inquisitively in the background, that the young lady had been put under his charge, and that he had just left the house of her great-uncle Lord Castlecombe. He was aware that he himself was far too well-known a man in those parts for the adventure not to be talked about. And his experience of life had taught him that, while it is as difficult to check gossip as to bring a runaway horse to a standstill, yet that both may generally be turned to the right or left, by a cool hand.

His sagacity was amply justified. For the waiting-room attendant, for weeks afterwards, would narrate to passing lady travellers how that sweet young lady, Lord Castlecombe's grand-niece, was so cut up by the death of her cousin that she fainted right away coming back from the funeral at Combe Park; not having been able to touch food for more than twelve hours in consequence of her grief; and how Mr. Bragg, the great Oldchester manufacturer, who was taking charge of the young lady on her journey home, was so kind and anxious, and quite like a father to her; and how they both repeatedly said, "Mrs. Tupp, if hadn't been for your care and attention, we don't know whatever we should have done."

Soon after the doctor had departed, Mr. Bragg came back to May, and informed her that arrangements had been made for their starting for Oldchester in three-quarters of an hour, if that would be agreeable to her. And in reply to her wondering inquiry as to how that could have been managed, he said quietly, "Oh, I've got a special train. I'm a director of this line, and they know me here pretty well."

May had always understood that a special train was an immensely costly matter. But in her ignorance she was by no means sure that it might not be part of the privileges of a railway director to have special trains run for his service gratis, whenever he should require them. Which, probably, was precisely what Mr. Bragg desired her to suppose.

He then called aside the attendant, and held a short colloquy with her in the adjoining room, the result of which was to put the worthy Mrs. Tupp into a great fuss and flutter. She dashed at a cupboard in the wall and plunged her hand into it, drawing it out again with a battered old black bonnet dangling by one string, as though she had been fishing at a venture and brought up *that* rather unexpectedly. Further, Mrs. Tupp, with many apologies, took the checked shawl which had been laid over May's feet and put it on her own shoulders; and then, assuring Mr. Bragg, in a speech which it took some time to deliver, that she wouldn't be gone no ten minutes, for her house was close by—better than half-a-mile before you really come into Wendhurst High Street, going the shortest way from the station—she finally disappeared.

"Now, Miss Cheffington," said Mr. Bragg, "I want you to do something to oblige me. Will you?"

"Most gladly, if I can; but I'm afraid it will turn out to be something to oblige me," answered May, looking up at him timidly. "Don't you want some food? I dare say you do."

"Why no, Miss Cheffington, I can't say I do; I ate a most uncommon hearty luncheon. I wonder why people always eat so much when there's a funeral going on? Besides, it isn't dinner-time yet, you know."

"Isn't it? I have no idea what o'clock it is. If you told me it was the middle of next week, I don't think I should feel surprised," and she smiled with one of her old, bright looks.

"That's right," said Mr. Bragg. "You're picking up. Well, now, I was going to say that I noticed in the refreshment-room a cold roast fowl, which didn't look at all nasty; no, really, not at all nasty," insisted Mr. Bragg, with the air of one who is aware that his statement may not unreasonably be received with incredulity. "And if you'll let them bring it in here on a tray, and try to eat a bit of it, and drink another cup of tea—no! I promise not to put any brandy in it. I shall esteem it a favour."

Of course there was no refusing this. But May said, wistfully, "I was going to ask you—would you mind—I have something to say to you; and if I don't say it soon that woman will be here. She is coming back immediately."

"Why, as to that, Miss Cheffington, I don't think she is. From what I can make out, she's the kind of person that never can realise to themselves that fifteen minutes, one after the other, end to end, make up a quarter of an hour. She lost a lot of time here talking. And I saw her stop to tell the young woman at the bar over yonder what a hurry she was in. No; I make no doubt but what she'll be back before we start, but not just yet awhile."

The roast chicken and some freshly-made tea were brought in due course, and Mr. Bragg had the satisfaction of seeing May partake of both. Then he professed his readiness to hear what she wished to say.

"Are you comfortable? Light not too much for you? There! Now—provided you don't over-tire yourself, nor yet what you might call over-try yourself—I'm listening."

He sat down in a chair nearly opposite to the fire, so that his profile was turned to May, and looked thoughtfully into the hot coals, folding his arms in an attitude of massive quietude which was characteristic of him.

"First of all, you must let me thank you for all your kindness," said May.

"No, don't do that," he answered, without removing his gaze from the fire. Then he repeated, musingly, "No, no; don't do that! Don't ye do that!"

Then ensued a pause. It lasted so long that Mr. Bragg, glancing round at the girl, said, "That wasn't all you had in your mind to say, was it?"

"No, Mr. Bragg."

"Perhaps you've changed your mind about speaking? Well, don't you worry yourself. You do just which you feel most agreeable to yourself, you know."

"But I want to speak! I was so anxious to tell you—. This chance, which I could never have expected or dreamt of, gives me the opportunity, and now—now I don't know how to begin!"

He was silent for a moment, pondering. Then he said, "Could I help you? I wonder if it is about a certain conversation you and me had together a few days back?"

"Yes—partly."

"Well, now, you remember that on that occasion I said to you that I hoped we might be friends, you and me—real, true friends. You remember, don't you?"

"Gratefully."

"Well, I meant what I said. If you have been—" he was about to say "persecuted," but changed the word. "If you have been any way bothered in consequence of that conversation, I'm truly sorry for it. But don't let it make any difference as between you and me. Your aunt, Mrs. Dormer-Smith, she's a most well-meaning lady, and has beautiful manners. But she's liable to make mistakes like the rest of us. And don't you fret, you know. You're going to your grandmother, Mrs. Dobbs, you tell me. And she's a woman of wonderful good sense. She'll understand some things better than what your aunt can. It'll be all right. Don't you worry yourself."

He spoke in gentle, soothing tone, such as one might use to a child, and kept nodding his head slowly as he spoke, still with his eyes fixed on the fire.

"It isn't that! I mean—I wanted to tell you something!"

He turned his head now quickly, and looked at her. Her eyes were cast down, and she was plucking nervously at the fur lining of the cloak which lay on the seat beside her.

"It's something about that confidence that you made me, and that I look upon as an honour, and always shall. Well, now, if you're going to speak about that, I shall take it as a sign that you really mean to be friends with me, and trust me. And there's nothing in the world which would make me so proud as that you should trust me, full and free."

Then she told him all the story of her engagement to Owen. How it had been kept secret for three months by her grandmother's express stipulation; how, when Owen returned to England, they had revealed it to Mrs. Dormer-Smith; how that lady had disapproved and forbidden Owen the house, and had written to Captain Cheffington requesting him to interpose his parental authority; how, finally, May had felt so miserable and lonely, that she had made up her mind to leave her aunt's house and take refuge with her grandmother.

Mr. Bragg sat like a rock while she told her story, hesitatingly and shyly at first, but gathering courage as she went on. When she first mentioned Owen's name, his brows contracted for a moment, in a way which might mean anger, or perplexity, or simply surprise. But he remained otherwise quite unmoved to all appearance, and perfectly silent.

When May had finished her little story, she said, timidly, as she had said to him on that memorable day in her aunt's house, "You are not angry, Mr. Bragg?"

He answered nearly as he had answered then, but without looking at her, and keeping his gaze on the fire, "Angry, my child! No; how could I be angry with you? You have never deceived me. You have been true and honest from first to last."

"But I mean, you are not—you are not angry with Owen?"

The answer did not come quite so promptly this time. But after a few seconds, he said, "I don't know that I've the least right to be angry with Mr. Rivers. Only I should have liked it better if he had told me how things were, plain and straightforward, when we were talking about—something else." He brought his speech to an abrupt conclusion.

Upon this, May assured him that Owen had never desired secrecy. The engagement had been kept secret in deference to "Granny." And as soon as her aunt knew it, Owen had urged her (May) to tell Mr. Bragg also, feeling himself in a false position until the truth was revealed. "I ought to have written to you yesterday," she said, guiltily. "It's my fault, indeed it is!"

Mr. Bragg got up from his chair, and muttering something about "getting a little air," walked out on to the long platform.

There was certainly no lack of air outside there. A damp raw wind was driving through the station, making the lamps blink. Mr. Bragg had no great coat, that garment having been rolled up to serve as May's pillow. But he marched up and down the long platform with his hands behind his back, at a steady, and by no means rapid pace, apparently insensible to the cold.

Owen Rivers! So the man May was engaged to was his secretary, Mr. Rivers! That was very surprising. Mr. Rivers was not at all the sort of man he should have expected that exquisite young creature to care about. But Mr. Bragg would have been puzzled to describe the sort of man he would have expected her to care about. He had never seen any man he thought worthy of her, and it might safely be predicted that he never would; seeing that Mr. Bragg was in love with May, and would certainly never be in love with May's husband, let him be the finest fellow in the world.

One suspicion he at once dismissed from his mind—that Owen had ever been in the least danger from Mrs. Bransby's fascinations. No; when a man was betrothed to a girl like May Cheffington he was safe enough from anything of that kind, argued Mr. Bragg. Indeed, his visit to the widow's house had given him a favourable impression of all its inmates. It was impossible, he thought, to be in Mrs. Bransby's presence without perceiving her to be worthy of respect. Searching his memory he discovered that the first hint of her having any designs on young Rivers had come from Theodore Bransby, and now the motive of the hint began to dawn upon him. Theodore, as he had long ago perceived, hated Rivers. Mr. Bragg now understood why. He paced up and down the draughty platform, solitary and meditative, for full ten minutes. It was a dead time, and the whole station seemed nearly deserted.

Then he returned to the waiting-room, of which May was still the sole occupant. He stirred the fire into a blaze, and then sat down opposite to it as before. May looked at him nervously and anxiously, she did not venture to speak first.

"I'll tell you one thing, Miss Cheffington," said Mr. Bragg, all at once. "What you told me has been a relief to my mind in one way."

She looked up inquiringly.

"Yes, it has been a relief to my mind, and I'm bound to acknowledge it. I was afraid at one time—indeed, I'd almost made up my mind, though terribly against the grain—that you was engaged to some one else."

"Some one else!" exclaimed May, opening great eyes of wonder, and speaking in a tone which conveyed her *naïf* persuasion that, in that sense, there did not exist any one else. "Why, whom can you mean?"

Mr. Bragg reflected an instant. Then he said,

"I'll tell you. Yes, I'll tell you, for he's tried to thrust it in peoples' faces as far as he dared. Mr. Theodore Bransby."

May fell back on her seat with a gesture of mute astonishment.

"Ah, yes; you're wondering how I could be such a blockhead as to think that possible. But if it had been true, you'd ha' wondered how I could be such a blockhead as to think anything else possible," said Mr. Bragg. It was the sole touch of bitterness which escaped him throughout the interview.

After a brief pause he went on, "Not, you understand, that I mean to deny Mr. Rivers is far superior to young Bransby—out of all comparison, superior to him. I may, perhaps, consider Mr. Rivers fort'nate beyond his merits. That's a question we won't enter into, because you and me can't help but look at it from different points of view. But I must bear testimony that he's

always behaved like a real gentleman in his duties with me; and, so far as I know, he's thoroughly upright and honourable."

May considered this to be but faint praise. But she graciously made allowances. Granny, however, knew better. When Mr. Bragg's words were repeated to Granny, she exclaimed, "Well, done, Joshua Bragg! That was spoken like a generous-minded man."

By this time the engine which was to draw them to Oldchester was in readiness. Mr. Bragg inquired impatiently for the "good lady" of the waiting-room. And then May learned that that person was to accompany them on the journey, lest Miss Cheffington should need any attendance on the way.

"And, indeed," said Mrs. Tupp, afterwards, "if the young lady had been a princess royal, there couldn't have been more fuss made over her. S'loon carriage, and everything! Of course, it was an effort for me to go along with 'em' at such short notice, and so entirely unexpected. But as they said to me, 'Mrs. Tupp,' they said, 'had it not have been for your kindness and attention, we don't know what we should have done!' And the gentleman certainly made it worth my while." As he certainly did!

At the present moment, however, Mrs. Tupp was by no means in a complacent frame of mind. She was seen hurriedly approaching from the extremity of the station, very breathless and exhausted, attired in her Sunday bonnet, and shawl to match, confronting Mr. Bragg, who stood, sternly, watch in hand, at the door of the carriage.

"I told you so, Miss Cheffington," said he to May, who was already made luxuriously comfortable within the carriage. "Now, ma'am! No, don't trouble yourself to explain, please. Because in exactly two seconds and a half we're off. *Would* you be so kind?" This to a guard who stood looking on beside the stationmaster. In a moment they had taken Mrs. Tupp between them and, assisted from behind by a youthful porter, managed to hoist her into the carriage by main force. Mr. Bragg took his place opposite to May. The whistle sounded, and they glided from beneath the roof of the station, and at an increasing speed, across the dark country through the streaming rain.

(To be continued)



WHETHER, as a good many think, County Councils are but Quarter Sessions writ in a feigned hand, it seems likely that the new arrangement will be more costly than the old (most new arrangements are); and it is certain they will put money into the pockets of the lawyers and of the law-stationers. Here are two big books, one of over 400, the other of nearly 800 pages; and if either, or both, be needed to understand the Act, we may also be sure that legal advice will often have to be sought in carrying it into practice. Both "Ryde and Thomas on Local Government" (Butterworths, price 24s.) and "The Law Relating to County Councils" (Stevens and Son, price 7s. 6d.) are thoroughly comprehensive—the latter, like the former, including the Local Government Act and the County Electors' Act of this year, and the incorporated clauses of the Municipal Corporations' Act of 1882—and both are, as far as the subject admits, simple. To a layman, the subject is full of perplexity. He can understand why, "for the purposes of this Act," the Isle of Ely and the Soke of Peterborough should be separated from the counties to which they belong—their drains and bridges constitute a special charge; but why East and West Sussex and East and West Suffolk should be more separate than East and West Norfolk or North and South Devon, is a mystery. Each of these books alike, and necessarily often in the same words, sets forth the manifold objects of the Act, the compromise about the police, the arrangements as to licenses, the difference between "general county account" and "special county account"; and the names of the respective authors of Messrs. Butterworth's book (Mr. W. C. Ryde and Mr. E. Lewis Thomas), of Messrs. Stevens's (Mr. C. N. Bazalgette and Mr. G. Humphreys), all barristers, are a sufficient guarantee of ability and thoroughness. Messrs. Bazalgette and Humphreys have already published a similar work, "The Law of Local and Municipal Government." They tell us, in their introduction, that the Act "gives effect to two great political principles—representation and decentralisation." Some critics fail to find any really substantial trace of the latter under an arrangement which throws the parish more into the background than it was before.

A thoroughly sympathetic life, in Mrs. Oliphant's happiest manner, of a large-hearted, wide-minded Scot, is sure to be a treat, and there is incident enough in the career of "Principal Tulloch" (Blackwood) to enhance the reader's enjoyment. He lived in stirring times; and though, thanks to their being practically Home Rulers in such matters, the religious controversies of Scotchmen do not much trouble Southrons, still England could not shut her ears to the din of the Free Kirk battle, and she was even more moved by the spread to Scotland of the ideas represented in "Essays and Reviews." Principal Tulloch was a Broad Churchman, yet, unlike the present Cambridge librarian, he managed to escape censure. As Mrs. Oliphant says, "His paper on Neander, in the *British Quarterly* for November, 1850, traversed some very delicate ground; and there was a certain daring in those days in a young minister thus constituting himself champion and interpreter of the great Teuton. . . . Scotland has never been slow to cry heresy, nor to judge severely the utterer of a new opinion. Fortunately, Tulloch met with nothing but applause." There were, no doubt, clearly-marked limits to his breadth; thirteen years after, Renan's "Vie de Jésus" roused in him a repugnance which took form in a series of lectures on "The Christ of the Gospels." That he refused the call to Arbroath—a wonderful honour for a mere youth—shows his conscientiousness; indeed, not long after, he seriously doubted whether he had any clerical vocation, and was not merely sliding into Orders because he was his father's son. However, he was called to "the third Church" in Dundee, and, on the strength of this, married, only to find that, by the petty tyranny of the Free Church Town Council, his income was suddenly reduced from 275*l.* to 10*l.* How the pair lived is before.

For some minds catastrophism has a strange fascination. Unlike Sir C. Lyell, who described himself as a glutton of time, craving measureless zoëns for the slow-shaping of existing forms through existing forces, they prefer believing that these forces have acted in the past with the intensity of youth. The Rev. W. B. Galloway is such an one. In "Science and Geology in Relation to the Universal Deluge" (Sampson Low), he will none of the "Great Ice Age," substituting for it Noah's flood, the cause of which he believes to have been the sudden collapse of a vast Pacific continent. And of this collapse the cause was, he thinks, a vast meteoric deposit which, unequally distributed, affected the earth's equilibrium. The balance was still further



THE SPECIAL COMMISSION, 1888

PORTRAITS OF THE IRISH MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT AGAINST WHOM THE PROPOSES TO GIVE EVIDENCE OF ITS CHARGES AND ALLEGATIONS

disturbed by this Pacific submergence; and, in consequence, the axis, which of old was the same as the magnetic axis, was shifted. The earth's solid nucleus (probably in great part of gold!) still has its axis in the original direction. The strangest of Mr. Galloway's theories is, that chalk and flints are meteoric, not marine, deposits; are, in fact, what caused the Floods. This accounts for the shapes (gourds, bean-pods, tree-roots, even a deer's horn) that flints sometimes assume—the molten silica burned out the inside and filled the shell as a metal does the mould. Some, therefore, of the chalk and flint beds are subsequent to man's appearance; and the sterility caused by the vast deposits of chalk is hinted at in Noah's father's complaint of "the work and toil in the ground which the Lord hath cursed." The cessation of the chalk and flint showers is promised in the words "I will not again curse the ground any more." Mr. Galloway's views are in several points similar to those put forth by Mr. Howorth in "The Mammoth and the Flood," noticed some time back in these columns.

Those who mean to winter in Venice will find Sir C. Eastlake's "Notes On the Principal Pictures in the Royal Gallery" (Allen) an invaluable help, some of the painters—Marcone, Semitecole, &c., being unrepresented in our Gallery. The nucleus of the Gallery is a private collection lent to the Academy by Abbé Farsetti, and purchased for the city by the Emperor Francis II., after a good part of it had got into Russian hands. The gem of the collection is of course Titian's "Assumption"; but Mantegna's "St. George" is, in its way, equally admirable; while of Carpaccio, of whom we have the "Doge Mocenigo," there are many fine examples. About our Carpaccio, Mr. E. P. Cook, in his "Popular Handbook to the National Gallery" (Macmillan), quotes Mr. Ruskin, who also supplies him with a preface. Of this Handbook it is enough to say that in thoroughness it is worthy of the collection which (so small when some of us were young men) "is now," says Mr. Ruskin, "the most important in Europe for the purposes of the general student."



MESSRS. KLEIN AND CO.—Two pleasing songs, for which Henry Klein has composed the music, are "Spell Bound," words by "Nemo," and "Sweet Philomel," a waltz song, written by "Lullah"; both words and music will find favour with young maidens just emancipated from the schoolroom.—There is sweet pathos in the words of "God Bless Her!" by "Lullah," which have been tastefully set to music by Edwin M. Flavell.—A pretty, love-tale of the East is "The Sultan's Daughter," written and composed by E. Thorley Stoker and Edward Seymour.—A simple little song for the schoolroom is "Heart's-Ease," words by "Nemo," music by Violet Fairfield.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—"Who Can the Thrall of Love Deny?" is a pretty little ditty on an ever-pleasing theme, written and composed by Joseph Forster and S. R. Philpot.—The same may be said of "Sweet Sorrow," words by S. J. A. Fitzgerald, music by Alwyne Peck.—Worthy of its name is "The Bear's March" (Marche Grotesque), for the pianoforte, by Arthur Akeroyd; it has already made its mark, and that a good one.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A dainty song, replete with simple pathos, is "Little Guardian," written and composed by Arthur Chapman and Cecile S. Hartog.—Well adapted for an encore to a more serious

song is "Trespassing," words by G. Clifton Bingham, music by Michael Watson. There is much piquante humour in this song (Messrs. Phillips and Page).—At the Father's Throne," a sacred song, written and composed by Lindsay Lennox and Max Piccolomini, will find a welcome for the Sunday evening in the home circle. It is published in E flat and in G (Messrs. Rivière and Hawkes).—Many of our readers have doubtless read Lord Macaulay's spirited poem, "The Armada." The Rev. D. J. J. Barnard, LL.D., has set this poem to very appropriate music in the form of a cantata for mixed voices. It will prove a pleasing feature in the programme of a winter concert, and is sufficiently short to supply the first half of a musical gathering, whether sung as a quartette or by a choral body (A. Carey).—A sprightly little rustic ditty is "The Milkmaid," written and composed by Austin Dobson and Otto Schweizer. This piece is also arranged as a trio for female voices and as a part song for S. A. T. B. (Methven, Simpson, and Co.).—Both words by E. W. Bourdillon, and music by Robert Coverley, of a tenor song, "The Night Hath a Thousand Eyes," are very taking (Messrs. C. H. Ditson and Co. (New York)).



MR. F. W. ROBINSON has written an exceedingly curious story under the title of "The Youngest Miss Green" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). She who answers to the description is a painful, but occasionally pathetic, study of a just and strong nature, warped and hardened by the sense of injustice and by such narrow religion as she has been able to discover. She leads a life of unsparing self-sacrifice, but only out of duty, until certain humanising influences bring love into her last self-sacrifice of all. The situation is strong in conception, and the grimness of Miss Green, covering depths and capacities unsuspected even by herself, is certainly calculated to leave a strong impression upon the mind of any reader. But that it is well worked out cannot be said. It is bound up with a sort of blind-man's buff, the reader, with bandaged eyes, being set to spot, out of all the characters, the perpetrator of a profoundly uninteresting murder. And, when the game is over, the whole affair proves to have had no motive beyond the concoction of a commonplace mystery. Mr. Robinson is always so much at home in dealing with the by-ways of life that we wish he had made more of his travelling circus and menagerie; in that respect, though he has given many successful touches to his pictures, one feels less satisfaction with what he has done than disappointment at what he has not done. On the whole, the novel, while certainly worth reading, leaves the impression of something which has failed to fulfil even its author's intentions; as if, save in the one case we have mentioned, his plot had never gone fairly beyond the condition of film.

Persons who expect to find in Florence Warden's "A Witch of the Hills" (2 vols.: Bentley and Son) another "House on the Marsh" will be unavoidably disappointed. The present novel is a romance, it is true, but it contains no mysteries, and never goes beyond such improbabilities as the laws of fiction allow to be used without apology. Never, that is to say, except in one instance, where a young man, supposed to be sane, endeavours to fortify himself from the dangerous company of the woman he loves by engaging himself to the first woman who happens to be handy. In

most other respects, Florence Warden's men are more manlike than lady novelists usually manage to make their male characters appear. She is bold enough to make her hero tell his own story; and though he sets down what no man would ever record, though he is fantastical and sentimental, and by no means shy about giving a strong impression of his own virtues, still this does not prevent him from being sufficiently life-like in what he does and feels. The womanliness is apparent only in his manner of recording such doings and feelings, or rather in the fact of his recording them at all. The story is not particularly strong, but its filling in, and the development of the various characters, gives it a certain charm, which is rendered the greater by the occasional presence of humour. There are some decidedly pathetic passages, and, on the whole, Florence Warden may be congratulated on having made a success in a more legitimate direction than heretofore. The main thing, moreover, she undeniably possesses—the gift of being interesting.

"Caroline," by Lady Lindsay (1 vol.: Bentley and Son), is an undiluted love story of a yet more sentimental kind. Like Florence Warden's novel, it deals with male self-sacrifice; the interest is fairly sympathetic, but, it must be owned, rather mild. The hero and his friend are too much like a couple of schoolgirls. However, it is all very nice and graceful, and, if it be a first work, it contains a considerable amount of promise on the score of good taste and careful finish. Indeed the material is so thin that it required skill to make anything out of it at all.

Hawley Smart, in "The Master of Rathkelly" (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), has taken a foxhunter's view of the Irish question. He sees little hope for a people who can subordinate their instinctive love of sport to anything in the world. The result is a blend of Hawley Smart's usual foxhunt and steeplechase with murder, boy-cotting, and the maiming of cattle. The story culminates with the siege of a landlord "of the old stock" in his castle by a band of savages, reminding one of various tales of the Indian mutiny. He is very one-sided, which is always a great virtue in a novelist; and very ungrammatical, which is almost too common a quality to be called a vice. Lack of grammar will, however, be found compensated by the far more important element of flirtation. Whether the work is likely to do its evidently intended service to the settlement of the Irish question, we are disposed to doubt. Black and white are sharply divided into sides; and it is scarcely likely that the conclaves of the New York Fenians have been open to the personal observation of so sound a Unionist as the author of "The Master of Rathkelly." At any rate, his satire is rather heavy and clumsy. For the rest, except when he takes to lecturing, the work is lively enough, and the heavy bits can be dealt with as his heroes take—we beg pardon, "negotiate"—their hurdles.

Mrs. Edward Kennard is also falling into the queer verbal habits of the sporting writer, to judge from "A Crack County" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). "Equine," "vulpine," "canine," and the periphrases in which such writers take refuge from such apparently shocking improper words as horse, fox, and hound, sprawl over her pages; her people also "negotiate," and "make the acquaintance of mother earth" when the negotiation fails. Her novel is much more frankly sporting than Hawley Smart's, owing to the complete absence of any meaner element than hunting—safe, of course, flirtation. The plot turns upon the efforts of a fast widow, who rides only tolerably, to get a rough Australian diamond from a very good girl who rides magnificently. It is all very mild running over very well-worn ground; a certain amount of heavy comedy being obtained from the humours of a hunt conducted by absolutely impossible snobs. The novel is rather vulgar, both in tone and in style.

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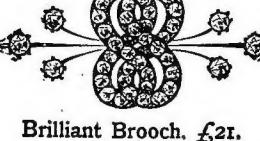
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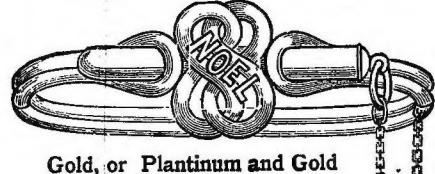
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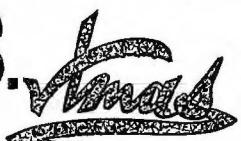
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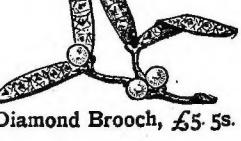
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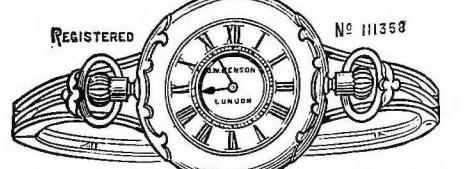
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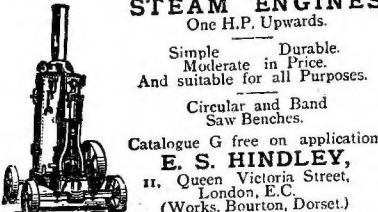
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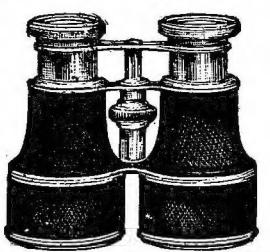
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